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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON, DUKE OF MAGENTA.

WE are glad to be able to lay before our readers a faithful portrait of the new Duke of Magenta, the hero of the recent battle at Magenta, from a photograph taken at Paris by Meyer and Pierron.

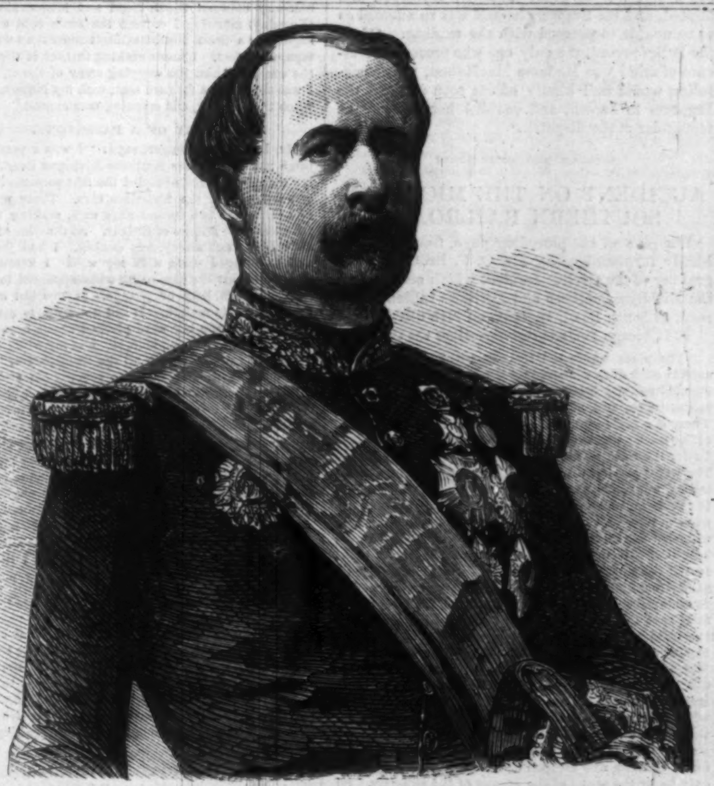
Marshal MacMahon is a Frenchman whose ancestors followed James the Second from Ireland nearly two centuries ago, and settled in France. As the histories of the period make no mention of any one of the name among James's followers, it is likely that the original Irishman occupied an humble position in the suite of the runaway Stuart. His descendants have uniformly distinguished themselves as soldiers. The father of the present Duke was a brave officer, and wore the title of Count, which his son bore till he won the higher rank of Duke.

Marie-Edme-Patrick-Maurice MacMahon was born at Sully Castle, in France, on 13th June, 1808, and is, consequently, at the present time, fifty-one years old. He became a soldier in early youth, and served in all the French campaigns in Algeria. At Constantine he was wounded; and his bravery and military skill won for him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel at the age of thirty-four. On one occasion he was selected by the French General to convey dispatches to head-quarters through a country which was known to be in the possession of the Arabs. He was offered an escort of cavalry, which he refused, stating that it was either too much or too little; he set out alone. He was soon discovered by the Arabs, who gave chase. On three sides he saw their fleet horses rapidly gaining on him. In front was a deep and precipitous ravine. Without a moment's hesitation he spurred his horse at the ravine, and leaped into it. His horse was of course killed by the fall; the rider luckily escaped, and had the satisfaction of seeing his pursuers gazing blankly at him from the heights from which he had leaped. His mission was successfully discharged; promotion followed; and very shortly afterward he obtained the government of a province in Algeria.

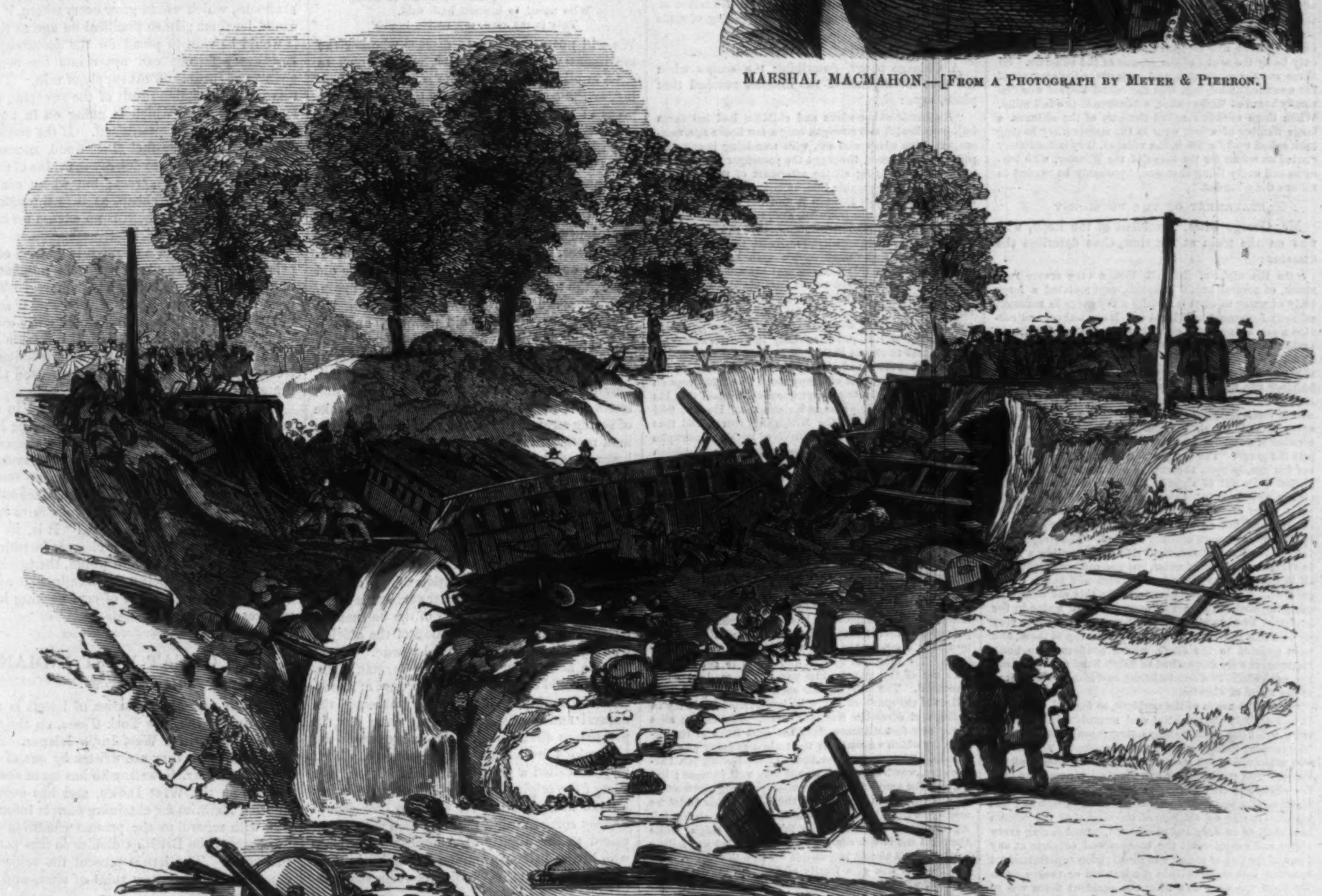
When the Crimean war began, MacMahon was appointed to the command of a brigade, and was subsequently placed at the head of a division. He fought gallantly at Alma and Inkermann, and at the final assault on the Malakoff he had the honor of being chosen to lead the attack on that terrible height. How well he did his work, and how thoroughly vindicated his reputation for military genius, the freshly-written history of the war is there to prove. He, if any man, was the hero of the Malakoff.

At the close of the war he was rewarded by the usual honors and dignities, and became a Senator of France. In the Senate, he attracted general attention by opposing the repressive measures which were proposed after the February attempt on the Emperor's life. His voice was the only one that was raised in favor of liberty. For this, it was supposed that he had fallen into disgrace at the Court. But when the Italian war broke out he was appointed to as high a command as any of the more subservient generals. The Emperor saw through him, and liked him.

It is not necessary to repeat in this place the story of his deeds at Magenta. But for him, it is highly probable that the Imperial Guard would have perished on that terrible day. His timely appearance on the scene of action, and the irresistible ardor of his onslaught on the Austrians turned



MARSHAL MACMAHON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEYER & PIERRON.]



SCENE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE LATE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. O. F. BROWN.]—SEE NEXT PAGE.

the tide of victory; Magenta was won, and Milan was evacuated in hot haste.

As an officer, Marshal MacMahon is remarkable for the care he takes of his men. No general in the French army is so popular among the rank and file as MacMahon. Their petty comforts, their tents, their food, their refreshment, their clothing, are all matters of the greatest concern to him. "No one imagines," he is reported to have said, "how vitally important it is in time of war to let soldiers have their soup at the right hour."

Marshal MacMahon married some years since a daughter of the Duke of Castries, an old and popular French nobleman. His wife is highly esteemed at Court, where she is reported to be a woman of rare nerve and heroic fortitude. When the news of the battle of Magenta arrived she and other ladies were with the Empress at the Palace. The telegram was handed to Eugénie, who began tremblingly to read the cipher in which it was written. The first words—"a great battle"—were uttered aloud, and the emotion they caused among the ladies present, many of whom had husbands in the army, was so great that they screamed and fainted, and the Empress herself was so affected as to be unable to proceed with the reading. Of all the ladies present the only one who preserved presence of mind was Madame MacMahon, whose consoling words and kindly offices soon restored the Empress to herself, and enabled her to read the remainder of the dispatch.

ACCIDENT ON THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

We give on the preceding page, from a sketch kindly furnished us by Mr. O. F. Brown, an engraving of the terrible accident which occurred on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, at South Bend, Indiana, on 27th ult.

The Chicago *Tribune* thus describes the tragedy:

"The place where the tragedy occurred which has carried such deep sadness into the homes of so many, is situated midway between the villages of South Bend and Mishawakee, and about two miles from either place. There is a ravine some thirty feet deep from the surface of the track; and seventy-five to one hundred feet wide. Under the track was a culvert, about nine feet by seven. The water passing through it is generally, during the wet season, not sufficient to fill the culvert half full. During the fierce storm which prevailed on Monday evening the passage through the culvert became interrupted, and the water on the south or upper side suddenly raised to the height of fifteen to twenty feet, or within five or eight feet of the surface of the track. The track resting on a sandy foundation, the action of the water had the effect to undermine, and probably before the train reached the fatal spot the track had been partly carried away, and the train took the terrible plunge into the abyss below, almost completely burying it in the quicksand and mud. The scene which followed is out of our power to describe, but those who were compelled to witness it say that it was an event which no man should be called upon to witness but once in a lifetime. The night was clear, but the ravine being skirted by woods and the high banks, it was impossible to distinguish objects, and any aid rendered by those who escaped death or severe injury could only be by the sound of the groans of the sufferers. So fierce was the concussion, and so terrible the screams of the wounded and dying, that the sound thereof was distinctly heard at Mishawakee, a distance of two full miles. When these sounds reached the ears of the citizens, a large number of whom were in the streets (they having been called up by a fire in the village), they immediately started *en masse* for the scene of the disaster, with lanterns and every thing that would probably be needed to relieve the wounded."

STATEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. George Bliss, President of the Road, who was on the train at the time, thus describes the disaster:

"On the night of the 27th inst. a very severe rain storm, of several hours' duration, accumulated a large body of water in what is usually a dry gorge in summer, midway between South Bend and Mishawakee, and carried away a stone arch culvert of nine feet span, with an embankment of about twenty feet over it, between 10½ and 12½ o'clock. The night was very dark and the train came on as usual at about the latter hour, comprising a baggage car, an emigrant passenger car, one second-class car, and four first-class passenger cars, the last one of which was a sleeping car—all tolerably well filled—and every berth in the sleeping car occupied with an unusual number of women and children. The whole train plunged into the gorge. The baggage, emigrant, and second-class car fell nearly upon the engine and tender, which were buried quite out of sight in the sand and water of the stream, now from three to six or eight feet deep, the foremost three of the first-class cars fell further into the stream, and not on top of each other, but partially on their sides, and were entirely crushed. The sleeping car fell inside of the others, right side up, careening a little, in three or four feet of water, but was comparatively very little injured—the lamp in the room not being extinguished. None of the passengers in this car were seriously injured. There was over a foot of water in the bottom. The passengers from it were got on shore very wet. From the other cars many got on top of them, and were assisted to the shore, where bonfires were built. Messengers were dispatched to South Bend and Mishawakee, each about two miles distant, and many soon arrived at the scene of disaster.

"As to the cause of the accident, so far as I can learn, it was entirely providential and unavoidable. Usually there was little or no water passing through the culvert. The rain for many hours was most profuse. The culvert was examined at ten o'clock, and it readily passed all the water. The track master and his station men were over the whole line during the storm, and all was safe. The track master was on the engine on his way home and was killed. It was an old rule of the road that the section men shall be on duty and pass over the road during every storm and examine all the bridges and culverts at any hour of the day or night, and the division superintendent renewed this order within the last ten or twelve days. By noon the next day after the accident there was so little water in the brook that a person could easily step over it."

STATEMENT OF THE CONDUCTOR.

"I was seated in the fore-part of the first passenger car at about twelve o'clock, on Monday night, when suddenly I heard a cracking in the car, as if the car was trembling and shaking, then I felt the car was plunging, when I got upon my feet to see what was the matter, and I tried to reach the centre of the car, but not being able, as I felt my foothold slipping from beneath me, I commenced climbing to the roof, and succeeded in getting a hold. The roof was much broken away by this time, and I got through it to the top, where I kept hold until I landed below. I then commenced climbing up, and reached the bank. I saw a number of others clambering up out of the cars, and there were several persons assisting the persons who had been injured. I saw some laborers, whom I ordered to light bonfires on the track, up and down the road. Of the speed of the train I took no particular notice. I do not think it was running at full speed, as we had just passed over a big bridge, where we usually slack up, and had not got under full headway yet.

"I should judge there were some one hundred and fifty persons in the train—I could not tell as I had not taken up my checks of the second-class (or emigrant) cars, or the Eastern tickets. There were fifteen or twenty laborers got on the foremost of the emigrant cars, from Ainsworth Station and at the New Albany and Salem Crossing. The emigrant cars were all smashed up. When I got out of the car the night was very dark and the water was running heavy. I was confused. I wanted to reach the telegraph station at South Bend, Indiana, and started, as I supposed, for it, but when I forded the creek, I had gone the wrong way. I never saw any rain in this ravine before; it was what I call a dry run, and the culvert was of stone, as good as can be found upon any road. The scene of the catastrophe is, as near as I can judge, about half-way between South Bend and Mishawakee. This (Tuesday) morning I crossed the same spot where last night was a flood, almost without more than wetting the tops of my feet. I know nothing further of the cause of the accident than the carrying away of the culvert, and I was sitting on a forward seat, with my lantern near me, when the pitching and cracking commenced."

STORY OF A PASSENGER.

Mr. Brett, a passenger, says: "I was a passenger on the 8 P.M. train of the Southern Michigan Road. I, with my wife and others, occupied the first passenger car—the forward one of the first-class cars. There were three first-class and two second-class cars, making the train. I sat near the middle of the car. At the time of the accident I was not asleep, but dozing. I had just got up and exchanged seats with my wife. I heard a heavy crash, and felt the cars make what appeared to me to be a tremendous leap or plunge. It was but an instant that I felt this motion. It did not seem to me that the occupants of the car were pitched about much. I was not thrown out of my place, nor was my wife out of hers. But when the cars struck all the front part of it was demolished by the force of the concussion, and most of those occupying that end of the car must have been instantly killed by the crash. The car fell in the water. Those of us who could hurried to get out. The lights were all extinguished, and the night was cloudy and dark. I got out of a window as the car lay partially on its side. My wife escaped, she hardly knows how. The scene at the wreck was frightful. The engine, by the giving way of the culvert and embankment, plunged down full thirty feet, and the two second-class cars fell near it, our car a little to one side. It was a fearful pile. No one in the sleeping car was killed. I had several contusions about my face and body. My wife is hurt about as much as I am."

The editor of a Western paper adds:

"Mr. Brett, when we encountered him, was on his way to the Milwaukie train. He arrived on the train which left in the morning, at eight o'clock, for the East, but which returned, arriving here at half past three. The horror of the scene through which he had passed seemed to have partially paralyzed his faculties. He talked of the affair like an absent-minded man speaking of some indifferent matter."

THE AGONY AT CHICAGO.

A Chicago paper, describing the scenes when the first intelligence of the disaster reached that place, says:

"Husbands whose wives and children had left them in joyous health and strength only a few hours ago, messengers from wives who sat, with trembling hearts and pallid lips, at home, thronged the passenger and general freight offices during all the after-part of the day. In the latter is a telegraphic instrument and operator, and the communications between it and the station nearest the horrid scene were frequent, and, to the agonized bystanders, full of dreadful meaning. We saw many turn away from the operator's list, some with faces lit up with hope and joy, and others struck with heavy despair. One gentleman of this city had sent his wife, three children, and sister eastward on the fatal night. He was an early inquirer. The obliging operator dispatched a message of inquiry, and he stood by the instrument, a picture of woe, waiting an answer. In reply to a question, he said that he had put his family in the forward car. He was told to expect the worst, because the destruction of life in that car was fearful. He trembled like an aspen leaf, and the sweat of agony stood like rain-drops on his brow. In reply to another question, he said that his wife was going only as far as Kalamazoo. He was told that Kalamazoo was on the Michigan Central, and that his precious ones could not be involved in this catastrophe at all. The relief came too suddenly. The revulsion followed like a waterfall, and the happy and thankful man threw himself into a chair and wept like a child. A rough-bearded customer, who related the incident to us, says that he also cried as he witnessed the thrilling scene."

THE SCENE AT MISHAWAKEE.

"Some nine of the wounded passengers had been carried to Mishawakee, and were laid out on pallets, arranged in a large room in the hotel. Every care was bestowed upon them. The towns-people were particularly assiduous in their attentions to the sick, while there were some four or five doctors on hand ministering, as far as possible, to their wants. The dead bodies were picked up and laid out in the cars, with sheets covering their faces. The men had worked two hours to get one woman out of the water. She was, of course, dead when recovered. The sleeping car seemed to be uninjured, with the exception of a few broken windows. It lay in a diagonal direction from the track. The engine shot some forty feet distance from the west bank of the ravine, by which we conclude the train was going at a rapid rate. The scene on the banks of the ravine, Mr. Pardee says, was truly awful, as one may well suppose; but he says the amount of human misery among the wounded was terrible to behold. In the Mishawakee Hotel he saw a fine little boy, about nine years old, with his left leg broken, and almost open through the thigh, while the right leg is cut completely off. The lad was failing fast, and it is almost impossible for him to recover.

"He was one of a family of five children, with the mother, who were going to meet the father and the husband of this family. The mother was killed, a daughter is missing, and another boy is wounded, but not seriously. He is in the same room with his wretched brother, while he saw another of the young ones, six years old, dead, having had his face completely cut off. The bodies of the females were not much mutilated. By the dress of those dead and wounded, Mr. Pardee judges them to have been mostly second-class passengers."

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

"Mr. Rice says that Osgood (the conductor) seemed crazy. He ran to South Bend and to Mishawakee, and then returned—a distance of eight miles—without his hat. He took charge of him, and brought him to the city at 3½ o'clock yesterday.

"One woman, who was on the train with her husband and five children, ran wildly about all night seeking her family, but without success, until morning, when she found them all dead. She then went to a farm-house a few yards off, where, after sitting a few minutes, the wretched wife and mother expired.

"Mr. Rice says that a gentleman, with his wife and two children, was on the train on a pleasure-trip to the East. But in the accident the parties became separated. The husband found one of his young ones dead in the morning; next he found his wife dead, but with her arms closely embracing the other child, who was saved.

"A lady who was carried down by the current and saved by catching hold of a limb, says at least a dozen human bodies, some alive and calling for assistance, and some still and lifeless, passed by her in the stream."

Our sketch, which was made on the morning after the accident, shows how rapidly the water in the torrent subsided. Up to the present time the number of deaths from the accident is forty; the exact number of wounded has not been ascertained.

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
White Sulphur Springs, Delaware Co., O.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 16, 1859.

ANOTHER WORD ON THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION.

An admirer of Mr. Cass's views on the Naturalization Question takes us to task for what he calls "the unreasonableness of our pretensions." A naturalized citizen, says he, enjoys the fullest citizenship in this country, and every where abroad save only in the land which gave him birth. Is it, he asks, so great a hardship to be shut out from one little spot of earth, when the whole world is free to him with that one exception? Is there not a species of mischievous perversity in naturalized citizens of Prussian birth insisting on traveling to Prussia, when they might take the air in England, or France, or Spain, or the East Indies, or the Lord knows where besides!

This friend of the Secretary of State has evidently never heard of a verse which most school-boys know by heart, and which begins:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

We will not undertake to discuss whether the sentiment which the poet rightly assumes to exist in all live human hearts is a perverse feeling, or the contrary. It is enough for the purposes of the present controversy to know that it exists; that no man with a heart in his breast can wholly forget or become indifferent to the place where he first saw the light, and where his childhood was passed.

Mr. Cass and his friends will find, if they inquire, that every man in the country, however his interests may have estranged him from his birth-place, looks forward to visit the old familiar spot once more. The more distant the old home, the more ardent the hope to see it again. Neither space nor time weaken, nothing but death effaces the dear old memory, and sets at rest the yearning desire to tread the paths of one's childhood, and gaze on the old landmarks of the fatherland. In comparison with that hallowed spot all the rest of the world is a dull blank. Young men love to travel for the sake of seeing strange sights and new places; as the man matures, the only place on earth which he longs to see before he dies is his old home.

Yet this, of all places in the world, is the only one from which Mr. Cass desires to shut out the naturalized citizens of the United States.

The Secretary may rest assured of one fact: if every applicant for naturalization were told, on appearing before the Court to be admitted as a citizen, that the condition of his citizenship was that he should never revisit his birth-place, there would be an end of the business of naturalization, and the vocation of the officials who have it in charge would be gone. There is not a hod-carrier or a starving German laborer who would be willing, for the reward of American citizenship, to deliberately renounce the natural and cheering hope that some day, in prosperous circumstances, he might revisit the land which he left to seek his fortune. This may be called a perverse feeling. If so, it is part of the original blight which pervades every human heart. And, for our part, we should be very sorry to think that any men were being raised to the dignity of American citizenship who had so little of common humanity in their composition as to be wholly free from such perversity.

We are glad, but not surprised, to see that the shameful meanness of the Cass policy on this question is arousing the indignation of statesmen of all parties. Among the Democrats, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, and Governor Wise, of Virginia, take open ground against the desertion of naturalized citizens. Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, and, we believe, Governor Chase, of Ohio, are equally decided on the same side. Even the Know-Nothings are ashamed of the Cass method of cheating foreigners: Mr. Botts, of Virginia, has written several letters denouncing it; and a letter of Mr. Everett's has also appeared in the papers, taking the manly ground that once a citizen, a man is a citizen always and every where. We do not envy the feelings with which the Secretary of State must perceive that men of all parties have forgotten their mutual rivalries to protest against the quibbling paradoxes under cover of which he is betraying the honor of the country.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

In the State of Massachusetts there is a law which forbids the murder of small birds. Sportsmen may shoot game birds; but robins, swallows, and all varieties of the feathered creation which are not suited for the table, are protected by formal statute. This law, which commends itself to general approval on the ground of its humanity, was not, however, adopted on that account. Many years ago, the people of Massachusetts noticed that their trees were being destroyed by worms; and, on examination, they discovered that the increase of the worm tribe was exactly proportionate to the destruction of small birds by wanton sportsmen. To remedy the evil they struck at its root, and pronounced small birds sacred from shot. They have their reward. From that time to this the worm tribe, which is the common food of birds, have been gradually diminishing in the Bay State, and trees have flourished with unusual vigor. But for this law many parts of Massachusetts would now have been treeless, and droughts would have occurred in regular annual succession.

This law for the protection of small birds should be adopted by every State in the Union. Robins and swallows have their function in the economy of the world; they should be protected in its discharge. If they are not, the day will come when we shall miss them sadly.

Trees, too, demand more general attention than they have hitherto received. Nothing has been created in vain; as small birds serve to protect trees from worms, so trees protect fields from drought by providing the air with moisture. In many parts of the country people regard trees as fire-wood—nothing more. For a few cords of wood they will cut down a grove which fertilizes hundreds of acres. We say nothing of the beauty of the noble elms, maples, oaks, and hemlocks, which would grow every where, if we would let them; in so practical an age as this, it would be vain to plead for the picturesque. But every farmer can appreciate the consequences of cutting off his supply of rain. That this is the inevitable result of the sweeping destruction of trees which is going on in many States can not be questioned. If the country contained no other fuel than wood, necessity might compel people to destroy the value of their land by cutting down trees; but where coal is so abundant and so cheap, as it is throughout the Northern States, there is no excuse for such folly.

We have heard of a German law which compels every man to plant a certain number of trees on the highway before he can marry. This is an odd, but by no means a bad law. If some of our Northern Legislatures would enact something similar, and couple with it a section imposing a penalty on the wanton destruction of trees, the farmers would soon have reason to be grateful for the boon.

The greatest consumers of fire-wood in this part of the country are the railroads; the New York Central, for instance, declared the other day in its report, that it had $900,000 worth of fire-wood on hand; fancy what noble forests must have fallen under the axe to produce such a wood-pile, and how many bounteous rains have been prevented by the sacrifice! It is, we believe, established that coal is cheaper for railroad purposes than wood; there would, therefore, be no injustice in compelling each railroad to adopt at least a certain number of coal-burning locomotives.

THE GREAT WEST INDIAN PROBLEM.

A very remarkable series of letters is now appearing in the New York *Times*, on the subject of the British West India Islands. It is understood that they are written by one of the *Times* staff, Mr. Sewell, who has spent several months in the West Indies, and has enjoyed unusual facilities for obtaining correct information with regard to the present condition and prospects of the British Colonies in that part of the world. The letters present the subject of emancipation in a new point of view, and are very suggestive.

According to Mr. Sewell, the whites and the colored people of the British West India Islands live in a perpetual state of smouldering hostility toward each other. By the Act of Emancipation the colored population have acquired equal political rights with the whites. Black men are members of Assembly in Jamaica, and fill political offices of grave responsibility in that and other islands. There is at least one black judge on the bench, and at the municipal elections "gentlemen of color" are supreme. The day is close at hand, in fact, when the political control of the islands—so far as that is abandoned to the people by the Government of the mother country—will reside exclusively with the blacks.

On the other hand, the whites retaliate by refusing to associate with persons of color. The sentiment which, in this part of the world, prevents amalgamation between the races flourishes with peculiar intensity in the British West Indies. White residents of Jamaica and Barbadoes not only refuse to know persons of color, but carry their dislike so far as to renounce acquaintance with strangers who, ignorant of the peculiar opinions of the islanders, incautiously exchange civilities with planters or others in whose veins a stain of black blood flows. In Barbadoes it is fatal to a traveler's reputation to visit at the house of a colored person, or to walk in the street, or have any social intercourse of any kind with him or his family.

The undisguised and haughty contempt of the whites for their colored fellow-citizens naturally begets in the latter a feeling of bitter hatred, which bursts forth at every opportunity. Within a few months it has manifested itself in the shape of riots in Jamaica, in Barbadoes, and in Trinidad. In the two former islands the whites openly confess that their lives would not be safe were the British troops removed; and it is evident from the letters before us that this opinion, startling as it seems, is shared by their author. He and others seem to look forward to the speedy outbreak of a war of races in the British West Indies, and to the ultimate expulsion, if not extermination, of the whites.

It is well that the subject should receive due consideration here. The working of emancipation in Jamaica has been a staple topic with our politicians for years; but in fact we know very little about it, nor is it at all certain that the measure has yet wrought out its final consequences. Whether the whites and blacks can live together on terms of equality, in a community in which the latter preponderate numerically, is a problem yet unsolved.

Half the wars which blot the page of history have arisen from conflicts of race. It has taken centuries of strife to assimilate Normans and Saxons, Moors and Spaniards, Chinese and Tartars. The French are not succeeding in amalgamating with the natives of Algiers; the English have made no progress toward peaceable fusion with the natives of Hindostan; the French of Lower Canada, who were conquered one hundred years ago, are as French as ever; in this country, wherever the white man and the Indian have come into contact, the latter has perished outright. The future history of the British West Indies will furnish the philosopher new data on this vitally important subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

WASHINGTON CITY, *June*, 1859.

PERCEIVING that you take a most courageous and, permit me to add, a most laudable interest in the various efforts now in progress to solve the problem of aerial navigation, I have only to state, as a matter of public information, that I am the inventor of a system by which the buoyant power now employed, aided by propelling power, will, as I, of course, believe, and am willing to test, completely revolutionize our present railway system, transporting greater weights greater distances, at much less expense and risk, and with vastly greater speed. In fact, I propose to construct "the Pacific Railroad" at one-half the anticipated cost, and in less than a third of the time now deemed necessary for its completion. When it shall have been finished, passengers and freight may be transported from New York to San Francisco in three days, and there will be neither tunnel nor embankment on the whole line.

This scheme was conceived many years ago, before the plan you hinted at some weeks since had been heard of, and the prejudices of the time and the absence of ample means have been the only impediments to its realization up to this day. The steamboat and the locomotive had to combat ridicule and neglect for half a century; now, they govern the world. Nor is the time distant when the aerial railship will play its part in the modern drama of Empire.

In addition to the above, I am, as I believe, the discoverer of an element, or rather a combination of elements, that will place *the fleets and armies of the world at the mercy of the nation possessing and using the secret.* It shall never be used but in the defense of a well-founded and unmistakable purpose of Liberty—such as the assault and invasion of our country by *a despotic alliance*, or an armed attempt to break up the American Union.

When this terrible agency shall have been brought to bear, no military force provided with *weapons* and *artillery* of any *description* of METAL will be able to live ten minutes in the field against it, and it is precisely steamships and vessels constructed of or plated with iron that will be surest to meet destruction within its range, which far surpasses the limit of the Armstrong gun and the gun Napoleon. Sebastopol, Cherbourg, Cronstadt, would no longer be defensible with artillery or firearms when attacked by the American "——."

I am engaged in regular and constant business; am in no hurry about these things, for they are *glorious facts;* I am not seeking a puff, or even mention; but, as a member of the Press at large, I furnish simply an item of news, with the assurance that, if you desire further particulars, they are, within a certain limit, *freely* at your disposal.

I am, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
WM. J. ROSE,
Department of State.

THE LOUNGER.

LOVE.

DR. PALMER has edited a felicitous and racy translation of Michelet's "L'Amour." Has he done us a service besides that of gratifying the natural curiosity which attends such a book from such a man? A celebrated French scholar, historian, and professor—a man of singular purity of tastes and life, and entirely secluded in his habits, Michelet, brought constantly in contact with the inflammable youth of France, beloved and honored by them, has always sought to use his great influence to some good purpose; and in accordance with the suggestions of his experience, has lately published this remarkable book.

Of the purity of intention and the skill of execution there can be no question. It is idle to talk about the morality of such a work unless the discussion of the subject at all is to be forbidden. Michelet finds himself surrounded by a state of society in which, under a highly polished veneer of politeness, there is the most absolute contempt for women. They keep shop, indeed; they keep accounts; they are at the head of many establishments; there is plenty of practical proof that they are capable of every kind of duty—but the word L'Amour in France expresses only a sensual passion. Both sexes suffer incalculably from this view—as they do wherever it prevails. Michelet has written his book to correct this opinion.

It is a kind of appeal to manly honor. Love, he says, is the law of a woman's life. She lives for and by love. In that passion nature hides its most vital purposes. Hence from the very beginning, even before they love, women suffer; from the physical conditions which Nature has prepared in their systems for the accomplishment of its intentions. The moment they love—they yield. They live in the life of their lover. They suffer acutely for his pleasure. They are the victims and the sacrifices of the one passion for which they are created. To elucidate this, and force it home upon the mind of the reader, Michelet deals very plainly with facts, avails himself of all the later discoveries of science, and thus gives his emotional speculations a scientific basis. The result is that marriage, in the mind of the young man, is invested with the sacred mystery of suffering, in which he does not share. Woman is depicted as a self-sacrificing agent consecrated by pain. The young man is surprised, startled, amazed, by the revelation, which nobody has hitherto dared to make, which has been concealed in medical and surgical works and nomenclature; he resolves that this benignant and superior, yet utterly devoted and unselfish, partner of his life shall be honored and cherished a hundred-fold more tenderly.

This is the point at which the author aims, and this he undoubtedly accomplishes. The book will make many a youth think who never thought before. It will make him look upon marriage with soberer eyes.

And yet in his eagerness to reach this result, Michelet betrays how deeply he is touched and tainted by the very feeling he is trying to combat. Woman, in his picture, is a pale, enervated, feeble shadow of the man. She is sick. She is invalid. She is the denizen of a hospital ward, not the cheerful, vigorous, executive head of a home and family. She is a southern lily growing in a cooler air, and the gardener is to watch and pray, lest, at any and every moment, his flower droop and wither. She is, oddly enough, the woman of the French novel and the French salon; at once morbid and artificial. With ludicrous inconsequence he seems to suppose that this model wife has an irresistible tendency to love another man than her husband—and he, therefore, should so wall her in with the insuperable sweetness of his caressing, that she shall have no chance to leap the barrier into the lover's arms.

But these things which belong to France, to Paris, and to the Frenchman Michelet, do not affect the substance of his work. It is not necessary to suppose a woman infirm or fickle to see that, in the order of nature, she is consecrated by suffering, and by a suffering which necessarily arises from the deepest feeling of which she is capable. That is the true moral of Michelet's "L'Amour." And it is a moral quite as well worthy our attention as that of any other nation. If you think they only need to hear that gospel in Paris, read "Wildfell Hall," or "Wuthering Heights," or any English story of Dickens or Thackeray, and consider whether John Bull has yet learned the lesson. And are we so very different from our cousins?

THE LAST OF THE QUARANTINE.

IT is ten months since the Quarantine buildings were burned upon Staten Island. There was an outbreak of horror all over the land. Five hundred black cats! No less. Enthusiastic orators vied with each other in declaring that the very Sepoys of India, in their mad fanaticism and bloody inhumanity, had never dreamed of an outrage so revolting to every natural emotion of the heart. Seven hundred black cats, at the very least! In vain the accused pleaded that the orators didn't know what they were talking about. In vain they asked for a moment's silence to state their side. In vain they showed law, and reason, and right. No no, Sirs, you are assassins, incendiaries. One thousand of the very blackest cats that were ever seen!

It is ten months ago, and the Quarantine has been removed from Staten Island.

We remember with pleasure that this paper expressed but one opinion of the trouble of the 1st of September. It was, in substance, that the Quarantine was a nuisance that, by the law of this State, could be properly abated in the manner adopted. Against exposure and danger to the sick every precaution was taken, and although the conduct of the Quarantine authorities paralyzed humane efforts, yet they were themselves forced to allow that nobody had suffered in consequence.

The other opinion was that the Quarantine, under the circumstances, was one of those wrongs which, in the absence of law or in the indefinitely delayed action of the law, an orderly and intelligent people would naturally remove, appealing to the reason and common sense of mankind for their justification, and in no manner endangering the public peace or property.

The action of ten months has justified all this. The enormity of the public danger which was forcibly and temporarily removed, has been so satisfactorily shown, even to the most prejudiced, that it is now permanently dislodged. The loud orators are silent. The epithet of "Sepoy" was enthusiastically assumed by the islanders, who supported a vigorous little paper under that title until the removal was accomplished, when, the occasion having passed, it took the less truculent title of the *Richmond County Gazette*. The thousand black cats have dwindled and disappeared, until it turns out that somebody said he thought he heard somebody else say that an old woman had somewhere seen the tip-end of a black mouse's tail as it whisked into its hole.

Every body is probably satisfied with the result. Even the worthy Mayor, who wished to punish the refractory islanders by a few more years of malignant disease, is doubtless glad that he did not prove to be the better horse. The enterprising merchants who did not care how many Sepoys went to the dogs if they could only get their oranges at a cheaper rate, now perceive, probably, that they can get their oranges as cheaply without diregarding humanity and decency. And even the morning paper which has been conspicuous for its zeal in misrepresentation of the acts and opinions of the islanders, undoubtedly sees that the State of New York, even if it wished to do so, has no right to deprive any of its citizens of life, liberty, or property, without due course of law.

THE OLD ENGLISH COMEDY.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I have always liked to see a good old English comedy. It is a traditional pleasure. Charles Lamb liked it; Leigh Hunt likes it; Gulian Verplanck likes it, and talks of it more unctuously than any American living. I go to Colman's and Sheridan's plays as Germans go to hear 'Don Giovanni;' and the other evening I saw the 'Rivals' as well played as it can be.

"But, dear Sir, I took my grand-daughters, Agnes and Laura, and shall I confess to you that I wished they had not been with me? The Metropolitan is a very pretty theatre. It is cool and airy, and there is an entrance full of green plants and shrubs. We were pleasantly seated. The audience had evidently come to hear and enjoy, and listened throughout with perfect appreciation; and you know Mrs. Vernon's Mrs. Malaprop, Blake's Sir Anthony, Brougham's Sir Lucius, Walcot's Bob Acres, Jordan's Captain Absolute, and Holland's Fag. A night of such actors may be called the palmy days of the theatre.

"And yet I wished my grand-daughters were not there. The play is a series of clever things. There is nothing tedious in it. It goes off like a battalion volley. And every body, except Falkland and Julia, come on only to make the audience go off.

"When I went home and had kissed my grand-daughters good-night, who said—little witches!—they had had such a lovely evening with grandpa, I lighted my pipe (as I have done now)—Milton smoked a pipe, Sir—and meditated upon the evening, and why I was sorry the girls were there.

"I am afraid, Sir, I have discovered that manners change. At the beginning of the 18th century people used to hear the comedies of Congreve and Wycherly, and read Mrs. Behn's novels. It is almost indecent now to mention their names. And at the close of the century the same people who laughed at the 'Rivals' and the 'School for Scandal' read 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle.' I don't believe young ladies nowadays read 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle.' Mr. Lounger, isn't that somehow the reason I was sorry to have my young ladies hear the play?

"I will tell you, Sir, in strict privacy, now they have gone to bed, that there were several passages in the play at which the gentlemen laughed and applauded loudly, and then turned round and looked at the ladies, as if they wished to see how they took them. I think, Sir, that must be the reason I should not take my grand-daughters again.

"Our manners are different from the old manners, Mr. Lounger. I say nothing of morals; but the difference of manners to-day would make a young woman blush at hearing things which a hundred years ago would not have seemed in the least improper.

"My pipe is out, Sir; so I fear is your patience. I thank you for hearing me, Sir.

"And I am your very humble servant,
"NESTOR OAKHEART."

THE NEW OCEAN CABLE.

THERE is to be a new ocean telegraph. All the eloquence of last year, the illuminations, the orations, are not to be lost. Mr. Field's expedition showed that the work could be done; and English capital, skill, and pluck are now going to do it. A cable is to be laid from the Land's-End in Cornwall to Blanc Sablon, an island in the Straits of Belle-Isle, a little to the north of Newfoundland. Thence, by proper connections, to Quebec, Montreal, and Canada in general—and from Montreal, of course, to Portland, and Burlington, and Boston, and New York.

It is very clear that our English cousins have not a profound admiration of our way of laying ocean telegraphs. They subscribed a great deal of money; we assumed a great deal of glory: fired off cannon and speeches and letters *in secula seculorum*. The Queen spoke, or was reported to have spoken, to the President—the President tried to speak back again—then silence, rust, desolation, and ruin settled upon the whole. Where is De Sauty? Does he still sit in that little cabin on the shore, getting movements, and vibrations, and words that begin fsc—and stop there, vague, mysterious, unintelligible?

The English propose for a certain sum, under two millions of dollars, to make a wire, insure it, submerge it, and have it delivered ready to work. Apparently, the whole plan has been carefully matured, and the execution will be, at least, faithfully attempted. There will probably be no State dinner and excellent speeches upon the departure of the fleet. Probably the roof of the Government House in Canada will be spared from the flames until it is settled that the wire can be of service. And when it is so settled, the great event will calmly take its place in history, and justify all the songs that were sung and the good things that were said, before it was accomplished.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Two friends write from Danville that their paper is stolen regularly. They desire that we shall reason with the thieves. We do, therefore, respectfully suggest to the robbers that they should rather subscribe to the *Weekly* than steal it, were it only to improve their morals.

—ACRI TIC of Sparta, Georgia, wishes to know if it is right to say that "the English *sacked* the Museum at Kertch." The word sack is generally applied to the pillage of towns; but as it means to steal and lay waste, it may, not inappropriately, be used as above.

—INQUISITIVE, St. Louis, sends a series of questions to be proposed to any of the New York Weeklies. Here is a specimen: "Who is William (vulgarly called Billy) B. Dam?" and again, "of two rats, a long one with a short tail and a short one with a long tail, which, in your opinion, *ceteris paribus*, could get into his hole quickest?" Inquisitive is facetious, and yet he may pick up many a bit of useful knowledge from the answers to correspondents.

—J. W. G., Murfreesborough, Tennessee, wishes to understand how a brig that once saved Professor Wise in Lake Erie was afterward lost in the Pacific. It went probably by the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, thence down the river, or across to the Ottawa, and so out of the St. Lawrence. There is a considerable trade in vessels from Quebec to Chicago.

—Why, asks Q. of Bradford, Vermont, is Prince Louis Napoleon called Plon-Plon? and why was the late King of Naples known as King Bomba? *Plon-Plon* is a slang term in French for Pudding-head. Prince Pudding-head. Is Q. answered? We find that Leigh Hunt has just replied to his other question as follows:

"Bomba is the name of children's play in Italy, a kind of prisoner's base, or what used formerly to be called in England, 'King by your leave,' and there was probably an allusion to this pastime in the nickname; especially as his Majesty was fond of playing the King, and had a predilection for childish amusements besides, and for playing at soldiers. But the name, whatever its first cause, or its collective significance, is understood to have derived its greatest weight from a charge made against his Majesty of having called upon his soldiers to 'bombard' his people during one of their insurrections. 'Bombard 'em! Bombard 'em!' he is said to have cried out—that is to say, 'Sweep them away—cannonade 'em!' His apologist, Mr. Macfarlane, not only denies the charge, but says his cry was the very reverse; to wit, 'Spare my misguided people! Make prisoners! Do not kill! Make prisoners!' And he is afterward said to have rebuked an officer for calling the people *canaglia* (rascally dogs). 'Be calm, Sir, and do not call the people canaglia. They are misguided, but they are still my people. If you allow yourself to be transported with passion, there will be great slaughter, and this I would by all means avoid. Take prisoners, but do not kill.' The book entitled 'Naples and King Ferdinand,' repeats the charge however in the strongest manner. It says that he kept crying out, 'Down with them! down with them!' adding in a note, what was stated to be the particular expression, 'Bombardare;' and hence, says the author, "arose his well-known 'sobriquet of 'Bomba.' We are also told by this writer, that the king changed his policy on the occasion 'from hour to hour, indeed from minute to minute; so as to secure a victory, of which he had perhaps little hope at first.'"

—GRANDFATHER, Madison, Wisconsin. The oldest, and the Clerk of the Court thinks the *only*, Revolutionary soldier now living in the County of Litchfield, Connecticut, is Mr. David Bostwick, of New Milford.

—QUÆSIVI, Philadelphia, is troubled by the habit that some speakers have of saying, "Let each person take *their* seat," and does not see how the sex of the sitters is to be indicated except by a disagreeable circumlocution. But he may either use *his* in an unsexual sense, as when we say that a man follows his destiny, we mean to make it generic of the human race, or he may use *their* as a simple collective pronoun without gender. The audience took their seats, means that the men and women sat down.

—W. H. S. asks which of the two readings the Lounger considers the more "common-sense;"

"Even such a man, so pale, so wan, so spiritless,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And came to tell him half his Troy was burned,"

or,

"—— so pale, so wan, so spectre-like," etc.,
"And told him half his Troy was burned."

The quotation is from the first Scene of the first Act of the Second Part of Henry Fourth: and, properly, it reads:

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue."

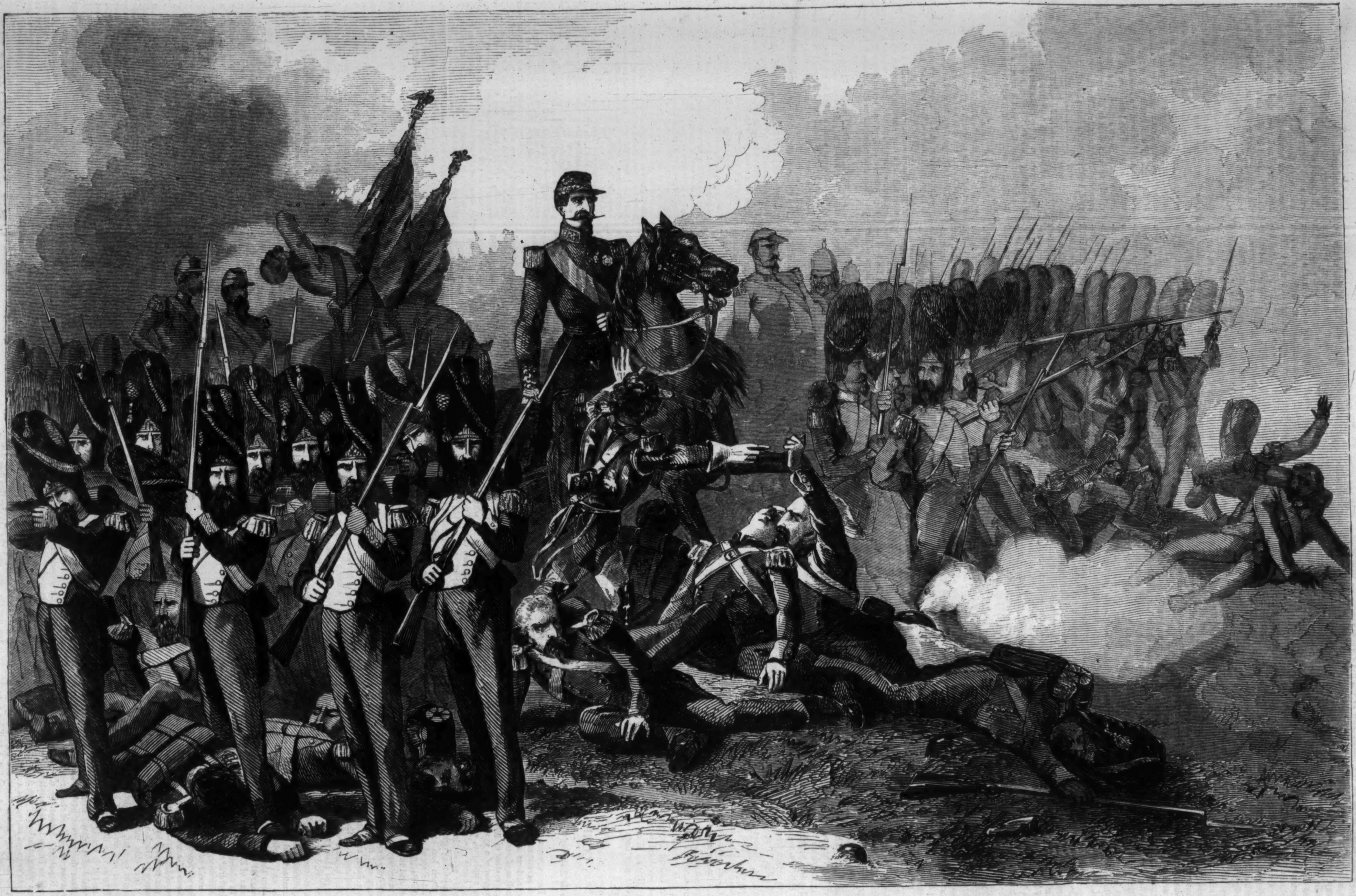
—SENORITA, Albemarle County, Virginia, is in doubt whether the portraits published in the papers resemble the originals. In these days, however, when the photograph gives the exact outlines of faces, and they are transferred to wood and carefully cut, she may be very sure of the resemblance. When two likenesses of the same person differ, it is fair to presume that they are taken from different points of view.

—CRITIC, St. Louis, says justly, in reference to what was lately said upon the use of the imperfect tense:

"Does not the imperfect tense (was) relate to things done in 'time past, however distant?' And does not the perfect (have been) relate to 'things which took place in past time, but are not yet finished?' *Vide* Smith's Grammar."

—ROMEO wishes to know who wrote the line,

"Night drew her mantle round the earth, and pinned
it with a star."



THE WAR IN ITALY—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

WE are happy to present herewith an original drawing of the Austrian attack on the Imperial Guard—the most striking scene at the battle of Magenta—by our own artist.

The accounts of the battle all concur in stating that, after the passage of the Ticino was forced, the whole available Austrian force was thrown upon the French van-guard, consisting exclusively of the Imperial Guard. They were led by the Emperor in person. Those who know those admirable troops will not be surprised to hear that, though considerably outnumbered by the enemy, the Guard stood its ground firmly, and repelled the Austrians as a rock drives back the waves. The Emperor himself, we are told, sat calmly on his horse under fire, his iron features betraying as little emotion as usual. As the day advanced, however, and he saw his noble soldiers mowed down around him by the Austrian cannon, he was seen to gaze earnestly and repeatedly in the direction from which General MacMahon afterward advanced. No one knew his plans; and his anxious glances were not understood even by his staff. No one was aware that had MacMahon failed to execute the movement intrusted to him, it might have gone hard with the flower of the French army. Luckily for them the Emperor's plans were sound, and his instruments well chosen. In the midst of the Austrian attack cannon were heard in the distance, and presently MacMahon's glorious attack relieved the Guard and won the day.

The artist has chosen as his theme the critical moment before MacMahon's appearance. A cannon shot has torn a furrow through the Guard, almost grazing the Emperor's horse. Napoleon sits unmoved, though his officers are almost ready to place him by main force in a position of less danger. The old grenadiers gaze grimly into the smoke, firing only when their shots are sure to tell.

The moment is sure to be selected by the French artists for elaborate illustration. We think it likely that our picture will bear a comparison with any thing they may produce.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

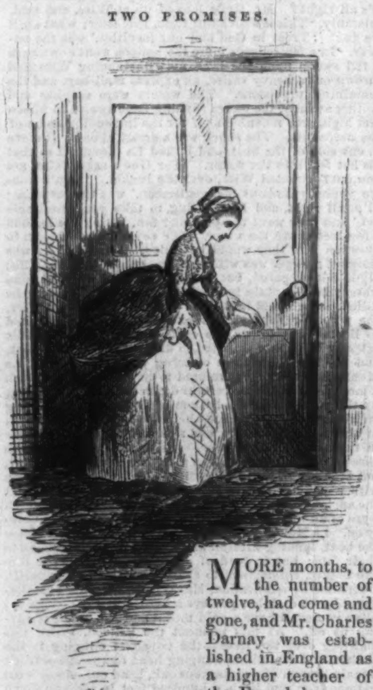
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER X.

TWO PROMISES.



MORE months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. In this age he would have been a Professor; in that age he was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them, besides, in sound English, and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found; Princes that had been, and Kings that were to be, were not yet of the Teacher class, and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers to turn cooks and carpenters. As a tutor, whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator, who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and encouraged. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and those were of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and untiring industry, he prospered.

In London he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to lie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation he would not have prospered. He had expected labor, and he found it, and did it, and made the best of it. In this his prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom-house. The rest of his time he passed in London.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way—Charles Darnay's way—the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful as hers when it was confronted with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But he had not yet spoken to her on the subject; the assassination at the deserted chateau far away beyond the heaving water and the long, long, dusty roads—the solid stone chateau which had itself become the mere mist of a dream—had been done a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window. The energy which had at once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigor of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden, as he had at first been in the exercise of his other recovered faculties; but this had never been frequently observable, and had grown more and more rare.

He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him now entered Charles Darnay, at sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due."

"I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter," he answered, a little coldly as to them, though very warmly as to the Doctor. "Miss Manette—"

"Is well," said the Doctor, as he stopped short; "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be home."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Yes," said the Doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being so intimate here," so he at length began, "for some year and a half, that I hope the topic on which I am about to touch may not—"

He was stayed by the Doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while he said, drawing it back,

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in that tone of yours, Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true homage, and deep love, Doctor Manette!" he said, deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father rejoined:

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

His constraint was so manifest, and it was so manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject, that Charles Darnay hesitated.

"Shall I go on, Sir?"

Another blank.

"Yes, go on."

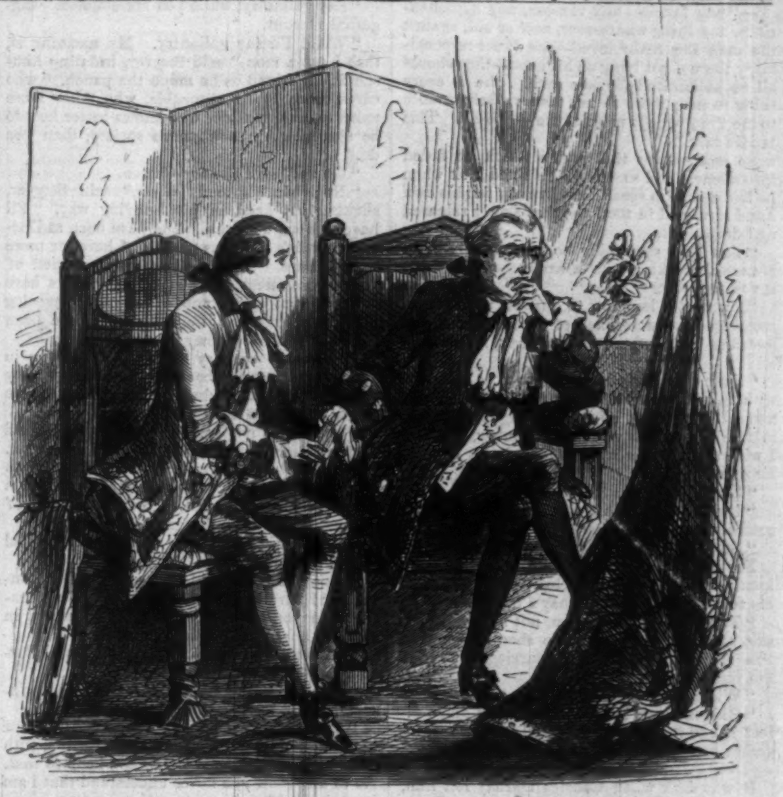
"You anticipate what I would say, though you can not know how earnestly I say it, how earnestly I feel it, without knowing my secret heart, and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world I love her. You have loved yourself; let your old love speak for me!"

The Doctor sat with his face turned away and his eyes bent on the ground. At the last words he stretched out his hand again hurriedly, and cried,

"Not that, Sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!"

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

"I ask your pardon," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, after some moments. "I do not doubt your loving Lucie; you may be satisfied of it."



THE TUTOR'S REQUEST.

He turned toward him in his chair, but did not look at him or raise his eyes. His chin drooped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face.

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but his eyes did not go with it.

"I know," said Darnay, respectfully—"how can I fail to know, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day?—that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and child. I know, Doctor Manette—how can I fail to know?—that, mingled with the affection and duty of a daughter who has become a woman, there is, in her heart toward you, all the love and reliance of infancy itself. I know that, as in her childhood she had no parent, so she is now devoted to you with all the constancy and fervor of her present years and character, united to the trustfulness and attachment of the early days in which you were lost to her. I know perfectly well that if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life you could hardly be invested, in her sight, with a more sacred character than that in which you are always with her. I know that when she is clinging to you the hands of baby, girl, and woman, all in one, are round your neck. I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age, sees and loves you at my age, loves her mother broken-hearted, loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration. I have known this, night and day, since I have known you in your home."

Her father sat silent, with his face bent down. His breathing was a little quickened; but he repressed all other signs of agitation.

"Dear Doctor Manette, always knowing this, always seeing her and you with this hallowed light about you, I have forborne, and forborne as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love—even mine—between you, is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!"

"I believe it," answered her father, mournfully. "I have thought so before now. I believe it."

"But do not believe," said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were so cast as that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put any separation between her and you, I could or would breathe a word of what I now say. Besides that I should know it to be hopeless, I should know it to be a baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harbored in my thoughts and hidden in my heart—if it ever had been there—if it ever could be there—I could not now touch this honored hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.

"No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a voluntary exile from France; like you, driven from it by its distractions, oppressions, and miseries; like you, striving to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future, I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend; but to come in aid of it, and bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be."

His touch still lingered on her father's hand. Answering the touch for a moment, but not coldly, her father rested his hands upon the arms of his chair, and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conference. A struggle was evident in his face; a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread.

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart, and will open all my heart—or nearly so. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?"

"None. As yet, none."

"Is it the immediate object of this confidence that you may at once ascertain that with my knowledge?"

"Not even so. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks; I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness to-morrow."

"Do you seek any guidance from me?"

"I ask none, Sir. But I have thought it possible that you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I do seek that."

"What is it?"

"I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope. I well understand that, even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart—do not think I have the presumption to assume so much—I could retain no place in it against her love for her father."

"If that be so, do you see what, on the other hand, is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well that a word from her father in any suitor's favor would outweigh herself and all the world. For which reason, Doctor Manette," said Darnay, modestly but firmly, "I would not ask that word to save my life."

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, mysteries arise out of close love as well as out of wide division; in the former case they are subtle and delicate, and difficult to penetrate. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the state of her heart."

"May I ask, Sir, if you think she is—" As he hesitated, her father supplied the rest.

"Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

Her father considered a little before he answered:

"You have seen Mr. Carton here, yourself. Mr. Stryver is here too, occasionally. If it be at all, it can only be by one of these."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both; I should not think either likely. You want a promise from me. Tell me what it is."

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will bear testimony to what I have said, and to your belief in it. I hope you may be able to think so well of me as to urge no influence against me. I say nothing more of my stake in this; this is what I ask. The condition on which I ask it, and which you have an undoubted right to require, I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise," said the Doctor, "without any condition. I believe your object to be, purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to perpetuate, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my other and far dearer self. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her perfect happiness, I will give her to you. If there were—oh, Charles Darnay, if there were—"

"The young man had taken his hand gratefully; their hands were joined as the Doctor spoke:

.—"any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, any thing whatsoever, new or old, against the man she really loved—the direct responsibility thereof not lying on his head—they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is every thing to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me— Well! This is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, and so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released and dropped it.

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking into a smile. "What was it you said to me?"

He was at a loss how to answer, until he remembered having spoken of a condition. Relieved as his mind reverted to that, he answered:

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, and why I am in England."

"Stop!" said the Doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"Stop!"

For an instant the Doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant even had his two hands laid on Darnay's lips.

"Tell me when I ask you, not now. If your suit should prosper, if Lucie should love you, you shall tell me on your marriage morning. Do you promise?"

"Willingly."

"Give me your hand. She will be home directly, and it is better she should not see us together to-night. Go! God bless you!"

It was dark when Charles Darnay left him, and it was an hour later and darker when Lucie came home; she hurried into the room alone—for Miss Pross had gone straight up stairs—and was surprised to find his reading chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the intermediate room, she looked in at his door and came running back frightened, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at his door, and softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they walked up and down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools and his old unfinished work were all as usual.

CHAPTER XI.

A COMPANION PICTURE.

"SYDNEY," said Mr. Stryver, on that selfsame night, or morning, to his jackal, "mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver's papers before the setting in of the long vacation. The clearance was effected at last; the Stryver arrears were handsomely fetched up; every thing was got rid of, until November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal, and bring grist to the mill again.

Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It had taken a deal of extra wet-toweling to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the toweling; and he was in a very damaged condition as he now pulled his turban off and threw it into the basin in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours.

"Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?" said Stryver the portly, with his hands in his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

"I am."

"Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually do think me. I intend to marry."

"*Do* you?"

"Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?"

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess at five o'clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing boastfully, "though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Romance (for I hope I know better), still I am a tenderer sort of fellow than *you*."

"You are a luckier, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more—more—"

"Say gallantry, while you are about it," suggested Carton.

"Well! I'll say gallantry. My meaning is, that I am a man," said Stryver, inflating himself at his friend as he made the punch, "who cares more to be agreeable, who takes more pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman's society, than you do."

"Go on," said Sydney Carton.

"No; but before I go on," said Stryver, shaking his head in his bullying way, "I'll have this out with you. You have been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your moroseness there! Your manners have been of that silent and sullen and hang-dog kind, that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of you, Sydney!"

"It should be very beneficial to a man in your practice at the bar to be ashamed of any thing," returned Sydney; "you ought to be much obliged to me."

"You shall not get off that way," rejoined Stryver, shouldering the rejoinder at him; "no, Sydney, it's my duty to tell you—and I tell you to your face to do you good—that you are a de-vilish ill-conditioned fellow in that sort of society. You are a disagreeable fellow."

Sydney drank a bumper of the punch he had made, and laughed.

"Look at me!" said Stryver, squaring himself; "I have less need to make myself agreeable than you have, being more independent in circumstances. Why do I do it?"

"I never saw you do it yet," muttered Carton.

"I do it because it's politic; I do it on principle. And look at me! I get on."

"You don't get on with your account of your matrimonial intentions," answered Carton, with a careless air; "I wish you would keep to that. As to me—will you never understand that I am incorrigible?"

He asked the question with some appearance of scorn.

"You have no business to be incorrigible," was his friend's answer, delivered in no very soothing tone.

"I have no business to be at all that I know of," said Sydney Carton. "Who is the lady?"

"Now, don't let my announcement of the name make you uncomfortable, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, preparing him with ostentatious friendliness for the disclosure he was about to make, "because I know you don't mean half you say; and if you meant it all, it would be of no importance. I make this little preface because you once mentioned the young lady to me in slighting terms."

"I did?"

"Certainly; and in these chambers."

Sydney Carton looked at his punch and looked at his complacent friend; drank his punch and looked at his complacent friend.

"You made mention of the young lady as a golden-haired doll. The young lady is Miss Manette. If you had been a fellow of any sensitiveness or delicacy of feeling in that kind of way, Sydney, I might have been a little resentful of your employing such a designation; but you are not. You want that sense altogether; therefore I am no more annoyed when I think of the expression than I should be annoyed by a man's opinion of a picture of mine who had no eye for pictures; or of a piece of music of mine, who had no ear for music."

Sydney Carton drank the punch at a great rate; drank it by bumpers, looking at his friend.

"Now you know all about it, Syd," said Mr. Stryver. "I don't care about fortune: she is a charming creature, and I have made up my mind to please myself; on the whole, I think I can afford to please myself. She will have in me a man already pretty well off, and a rapidly rising man, and a man of some distinction: it is a piece of good fortune for her, but she is worthy of good fortune. Are you astonished?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Why should I be astonished?"

"You approve?"

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Why should I not approve?"

"Well?" said his friend Stryver, "you take to it more easily than I fancied you would, and are less mercenary on my behalf than I thought you would be; though, to be sure, you know well enough by this time that your ancient chum is a man of a pretty strong will. Yes, Sydney, I have had enough of this style of life, with no other as a change from it; I feel that it is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home when he feels inclined to go to it (when he doesn't he can stay away), and I feel that Miss Manette will tell well in any station, and will always do me credit. So I have made up my mind. And now, Sydney, old boy, I want to say a word to *you* about *your* prospects. You are in a bad way, you know; you really are in a bad way. You don't know the value of money, you live hard, you'll knock up one of these days, and be ill and poor; you really ought to think about a nurse."

The prosperous patronage with which he said it made him look twice as big as he was, and four times as offensive.

"Now, let me recommend you," pursued Stryver, "to look it in the face. I have looked it in the face in my different way; look it in the face, you, in your different way. Marry. Provide somebody to take care of you. Never mind your having no enjoyment of women's society, nor understanding of it, nor tact for it. Find out somebody. Find out some respectable woman with a little property—somebody in the landlady way, or lodging-letting way—and marry her against a rainy day. That's the kind of thing for *you*. Now, think of it, Sydney."

"I'll think of it," said Sydney.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

THE *Herald* publishes the following: "The important State Paper as to the position of the United States upon the question of neutral rights has been completed, and was dispatched to all our Ministers in Europe by the *Persia* on Wednesday. It will create a most profound impression, and demonstrate that the present Administration will maintain the dignity, character, and moral position of the United States. As one of the first commercial nations of the earth, we can no longer permit the grave questions which may arise affecting commerce to be disposed of without our voice and influence being heard and felt in their adjustment.

"The present manifesto lays down broad principles which will govern us in the maintenance of our rights as neutrals; and there is every reason to believe that the positions now assumed will be adopted by all the great nations of Europe. The principal points are, of course, with reference to a limitation of articles which shall be deemed contraband of war. The United States holds that nothing should be embraced in this list but the direct and immediate munitions of warfare, such as powder, muskets, cannon, lead, and saltpetre, etc. Coal, which is the very foundation of manufacturing and commercial transactions, is declared by the United States not to be contraband of war, and any attempt to construe it otherwise will be viewed as an encroachment upon our commerce. So, also, are breadstuffs not contraband of war. The broad doctrine is also reiterated that a free flag covers the cargo.

"While the dispatch makes no allusion to privateering, it is well understood as a settled principle of the American doctrine that under no circumstances will we abandon that right."

THE AERIAL VOYAGE IN THE "ATLANTIC"

We read in the Buffalo *Courier*: "The aerial voyage from St. Louis to New York was entered upon in good faith on the 1st inst. On the evening of that day the aeronauts, Messrs. Wise, La Mountain, and Gager, with a reporter from the St. Louis *Republican*, Mr. Hyde, embarked at St. Louis in the car attached to the balloon *Atlantic*, and were floated off toward the empyrean. We next hear of them as having been seen six miles north of Fort Wayne, Indiana, at four o'clock on the morning of the 2d. Three hours and a half later, at 7½ A.M., the balloon was seen from Sandusky so near as to admit of reading the name inscribed upon it. As it receded it seemed to fall into the lake; but we hear of it again, two hours later, at Fairport, where also it is said to have nearly touched the water, and then to have risen and disappeared. It was seen from Buffalo, about noon, directly over the Niagara River. At a quarter past twelve it passed Niagara Falls; at half past twelve it was seen from Medina. It went rapidly over Lake Ontario; and at two o'clock the passengers hailed the propeller *Young America*, then twelve miles northeast of Oswego. Soon after the balloon landed at Adams, in Jefferson County, New York.

CONTENTS OF THE BALLOON.

"The 'Atlantic' was unlashed and sailed into the upper deep about ten minutes after seven. It had been provided with a wicker basket, which, being suspended between the balloon and the life-boat by means of a concentric hoop, was intended to guard against the contingency of danger in landing, which occurred to demonstrate the wisdom of the precaution. The boat contained six hundred pounds of ballast, a bucket of water, a bucket of lemonade, bread, wine, poultry, cake, and various delicacies furnished by ladies in St. Louis. Mr. La Mountain took charge of the Balloon, Mr. Wise of the scientific log, Mr. Gager of the compass, and Mr. Hyde acted as historian. Wise occupied the wicker basket with his instruments, and the three others were in the boat."

MR. HYDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP.

Mr. Hyde told the following story: "Their motion was very rapid throughout the night, inclining rather toward the north, with calm and beautiful weather. The aeronauts found it impossible to perceive their exact reckoning during the darkness, and went to sleep; but Mr. Hyde, to whom the situation was most novel, found himself unable to enjoy that luxury. Toward daylight the altitude which they had attained—between two and three miles—rendered the cold quite severe, but by no means painful, as they were well provided for against such a contingency.

"They reached Lake Erie above Sandusky about seven in the morning of Saturday, and thence floated rapidly but silently down, passing numerous vessels on their route, until about 12 M., when they were opposite Buffalo.

"In the last hundred miles on this lake a current of air in which they floated gradually bore them to the water, until on several occasions their elevation did not exceed 300 feet. Soon after passing the Falls, the strength of this current rapidly increased, until they neared Sackett's Harbor. When over Lake Ontario, and about thirty miles from its shore, it became a violent gale of wind, blowing almost directly downward.

"Every effort was made to keep the balloon up by throwing out ballast, stores, and instruments, but in spite of all their exertions, she made a tremendous dive, striking the water, staving the boat, and nearly bringing about a fatal termination of the voyage to Mr. La Mountain. The balloon then rushed headlong toward the shore, which was reached in a few minutes, from whence it plunged into a dense forest at a speed which Mr. Hyde estimates at about two miles a minute. The grapnels were cast loose, but the strong iron hooks were wrenched off like pipe stems.

"The boat, which was still below them, went crashing through the trees, leaving a path as if the locality had been visited by a tornado. Mr. Hyde says that trees of a foot or more in diameter were snapped asunder as if made of clay, while the branches were flying in every direction. After proceeding about a mile at this rate, in momentary expectation of destruction, the balloon was dashed against a huge tree by which it was collapsed, and scarcely any thing left of it but countless ribbons. It seems marvelous that no lives were lost; but this was doubtless owing to the boat, which sustained the shock of the forest, leaving the daring adventurers to descend to the earth from their perch entirely unharmed, with the exception of a slight bruise which Mr. La Mountain received on one of his hips."

NARROW ESCAPE OF PROFESSOR WISE.

Mr. Gager communicated the following to the Troy *Times*:

"At 8.30 P.M. Mr. Wise went to sleep, and left the management of the ship alone to Mr. La Mountain until 11.30. About that time the balloon had ascended to a great altitude, and was discharging gas so rapidly from the throttle that it became necessary to descend. Mr. La Mountain called to Wise to open the valve, but there was no answer. He asked him if he was dead, but there came no response. He then urged Mr. Gager to ascend by the ropes and see what was the matter. This the latter promptly did. He found Wise sitting with his head dropped upon his breast, with the pipe, from which gas was discharging freely, directly under him. He was entirely insensible, breathing spasmodically, and would have died, beyond doubt, in less than five minutes. Mr. Gager shook him roughly, and drew him into the pure air, where he soon recovered his senses."

THE APPEARANCE OF THE EARTH BY NIGHT.

"The principal feature which the voyagers observed during the night was the prevalence about, above, and under them, of a remarkable phosphorescent light, which seemed to invest every thing and give it a peculiar appearance. It made the balloon look like a globe of fire seen through oiled paper, as Wise described it. It was easy to tell the woods from the open country by the belts of black lines which they indicated; and on crossing a body of water it seemed as though the voyagers were passing between two sheets of flame of a mellow color, which lighted them up and gave to their countenances, and to the objects immediately surrounding them, a peculiar hue. This phenomenon was as agreeable to those who witnessed it as it was remarkable.

"The country over which the balloon passed during the night was very barren and thinly settled. There were few groups or clusters of light to indicate villages or hamlets, and even the occasional glimmer of secluded farm-houses was rarely seen. La Mountain was continually calling out to those below to ascertain in what region of country they were; but the only responses were the echoes of his voice, the barking of dogs, and the occasional howl of wolves. Irritated by repeated failures he gave up his efforts, and told his companions that "he guessed they had passed out of the world and gone over to Canada." Reference to the compass, however, established the opinion that they were skirting the northern portion of the State of Indiana.

STRIKING LAKE ERIE.

"At four o'clock in the morning the balloon passed over a city which none on board knew; but the conclusion, which proves to have been correct, was, that it was Fort Wayne. At 5 A.M. Lake Erie became visible in the far distance. At six the party passed Toledo. At five minutes to seven the lake was struck near Sandusky. Mr. La Mountain determined to attempt to cross it—an unheard-of achievement in ballooning—his great object being to determine the effect of water upon the gas, which some savans had declared would prove the transit of the Atlantic an impossibility. He informed his companions that if they did not desire to go over with him, he would let them out; but they unanimously decided to remain. He then directed a descent to within about five hundred feet of the water, in order to make as nearly as possible the city of Buffalo. Passing a propeller, he asked those on board, 'Is this Lake Erie?' 'Rayther,' was the answer, 'and you had better look out.' Disregarding the injunction, the intrepid voyagers went on, and received a parting salute from the whistle of the propeller. Seven steamboats were passed and saluted during the passage of the lake, and the result proved that a large body of water has no unusual effect whatever upon a balloon. The descent near the water, seen from Fairport, was directed by Mr. La Mountain, with the object, as we have said, of striking near Buffalo. On crossing, however, the balloon crossed Grand Island, between Buffalo and Lockport.

DESCENT ON LAKE ONTARIO.

"It was then decided—the repeated ascents and descents having diminished the supply of both gas and ballast—to steer as nearly as possible for Rochester, land Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde at that point, and leave the two professional balloonists to continue their trip to the sea-board, which none of the party had any doubt whatever they would reach before four o'clock. Accordingly, at one o'clock, Lake Ontario appearing in the distance, a gradual descent was commenced. This was continued until the balloon was within about a thousand feet of the earth and three or four miles from Rochester, when the voyagers found that they were caught in a tornado, which was blowing them along at a speed of two miles a minute, and whirling them through the air at that terrifically rapid rate.

"The situation of the balloonists was now one well calculated to freeze their blood with horror. To ascend and escape from the hurricane would have required more ballast than could have been dispensed with; to descend would be death—all on board would be dashed to atoms on striking the ground. Mr. Wise turned pale, and said, 'Gentlemen, certain destruction evidently awaits us. If we strike the earth in this tornado we are all dead men.' At this moment the balloon was swept at a dreadful rate over the lake. Mr. Gager says that in this emergency Mr. La Mountain proved himself a hero to be trusted. There was no quivering of his eye, no movement of the muscles, his voice was clear and distinct, and he could not have been more cool if he stood upon dry land. Indeed, he was the only one of the four entirely self-possessed.

THE ESCAPE.

"At 1.20 Rochester was left about a mile abreast. La Mountain stood alone in the boat; the other three were clinging to the basket above. Wise cried out excitedly to La Mountain, 'For God's sake, heave overboard any thing you can lay your fingers on, La Mountain!' La Mountain, who was standing near the side of the boat with a propeller fan in his hand, ready to throw out at the critical moment, cried out, 'Keep cool, gentlemen; it's all right!' Mr. Hyde looked up at Wise, and said, solemnly, 'This is a dreadful time, Professor; what shall we do?' 'Trust in God and our faculties,' was the answer. In a few seconds more the balloon went down with a fell swoop upon the lake, notwithstanding Wise had thrown out a heavy valise, an express mail-bag, and the remaining provisions. The waters were surging and boiling awfully, the waves running from twelve to fifteen feet high, and moaning as if for the impending doom of the aeronauts. The shock was a dreadful one. It stove in one side of the boat, and jerked La Mountain so that his hat fell into the water. 'For God's sake, John, are you out?' shouted Wise, over the basket. 'Don't trouble yourselves about me, gentlemen,' was the response; 'I'm all right, and I am going to take you across safe yet,' and over went the propeller fan, lifting the balloon a few feet above the water. The voyagers now began to question how they would be killed. Wise said he was resigned; Gager was willing to go, but for his poor wife; Hyde felt prepared, but would rather die on land than water; La Mountain insisted that nobody was going to be killed, as he would land them all safe. A moment after, the propeller *Young America* was signaled, and asked to lie to; but before she could do so she was a mile astern. Wise now proposed to descend, swamp the boat, and trust to the chance of being picked up. This La Mountain peremptorily refused to do, declaring that such a movement would be certain death for all. By tearing up the planks from the bottom of the boat, and throwing off his heaviest clothing, he kept the balloon afloat, until, at about 1.30, the shore was struck, in a piece of woods in the town of Henderson. Instantly the anchor was thrown out. It first caught a tree an inch in diameter, but broke it off like a pipe-stem—the balloon surging on with a power equal to two or three locomotives. Next the anchor caught in a larger tree, and the prongs, which were of an inch and a quarter iron, were broken squarely off. La Mountain might at this moment have cut loose the boat, landing himself and leaving his companions to their fate; but instead of doing so he clambered into the basket, determined to share with them their perils. Overcome by admiration, Mr. Wise sprang up, exclaiming, 'By God, John, you are a hero! If I can come out alive you shall have a gold medal and the credit of saving us all.' At this moment the balloon, which was whirling over the trees—the voyagers clinging to the basket, and sometimes hanging head downward—struck a main branch of a monstrous oak, head on. Away went balloon, car, and limb, a hundred feet in air, and down again with a fearful plunge, leaving all suspended in the air, alive and safe, the balloon torn from top to bottom, but the only passenger injured being the hero of the voyage, Mr. La Mountain, who was badly bruised in the side."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

THE Emperor Napoleon telegraphed to the Empress on the 24th ult. intelligence of a great battle, and a great victory over the whole Austrian army, numbering 280,000 men, and the capture of cannon, flags, and prisoners. The battle lasted from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night, and covered an extent of five leagues along the Mincio, on the left bank of which the allies had established themselves. A dispatch from Vienna confirms the fact of a battle, but gives no particulars. It is believed that not less than four hundred thousand combatants were engaged in this terrible conflict.

THE FRENCH ACCOUNT.

"NAPOLEON TO THE EMPRESS.

"CAVRIANA, *June* 25—1.30 P.M.

"It is impossible as yet to obtain the details of the battle of yesterday. The enemy withdrew last night. *I have passed the night in the room occupied in the morn-*

ing by the Emperor of Austria. General Niel has been appointed Marshal of France.

"NAPOLEON TO THE EMPRESS.

"CAVRIANA, *June* 26—11.30 A.M.

"The Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking us with their whole body, have been obliged to abandon their positions and withdraw to the left bank of the river. They have blown up the bridge of Goito. The loss of the enemy is very considerable, but ours is much less. We have taken thirty cannon, more than 7000 prisoners, and three flags. General Niel and his *corps d'armée* have covered themselves with glory as well as the whole army. The Sardinian army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great fury against superior forces."

THE AUSTRIAN ACCOUNT.

The following is the Austrian official account of the battle:

"VERONA, *June* 25, 1859.

"The day before yesterday our right wing occupied Pozzolenga, Solferino, and Cavriana, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Guidizzolo and Cas-Cioffredo, but were driven back by the enemy,

"A collision took place between the two entire armies at ten A.M. yesterday. Our left, under General Wimpfen, advanced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the heroically-defended town of Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese, but, on the other hand, the order of our centre could not be restored, and *our losses are extraordinarily heavy.* The development of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening."

NAPOLEON TO HIS TROOPS.

The following is the order of the day published by the Emperor Napoleon after the battle of Solferino:

"NAPOLEON TO THE ARMY.

"CAVRIANA, *June* 25, 1859.

"SOLDIERS,—The enemy, who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chiese, have recrossed the Mincio. You have worthily defended the honor of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Lonato and Castiglione. In twelve hours you have repulsed the efforts of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there; the numerous artillery of the enemy occupied formidable positions for over three leagues, which you have carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen.

"We have taken three flags, thirty cannon, and 6000 prisoners.

"The Sardinian army fought with the same valor against superior forces; and worthy is that army to march beside you. Blood has not been shed in vain for the glory of France and the happiness of the people."

POSITION OF THE FRENCH.

A dispatch dated Cavriana, June 28, says: "The French troops have passed the Mincio without hesitation, the enemy having withdrawn therefrom."

A dispatch from Vienna says that the attack of the French on Venice and Tagliamento, about forty-five miles northeast of Venice, was expected to take place on the 28th of June.

Prince Napoleon arrived at Parma on the 25th, and was received with enthusiasm.

WAR ITEMS.

No circumstantial account of the battle had reached Paris. It was inferred from the telegraphs that the French army suffered so severely that two days after the battle it was still unable to resume the offensive.

There were vague rumors of 10,000 to 12,000 French troops having been killed and wounded.

A message from Cavriana announces that the Emperor Napoleon, on the day of the battle, was constantly in the hottest of the fire. General Larry, who accompanied him, had his horse killed under him.

Official Austrian correspondence of the 27th of June, contains the following: "The Emperor of Austria will soon return to Vienna on account of important business. The command-in-chief of the army, which is preparing for battle, is given to General Hess."

Austrian correspondence contains the following: "The day before yesterday the Austrian army crossed the Mincio at four points, and yesterday came upon the superior force of the enemy in the Chiese. *After an obstinate combat of twelve hours our army withdrew across the Mincio.* Our head-quarters are now at Villa-Franca."

The London *Times* says that the Austrians have most candidly admitted their defeat, and that history scarcely records a bulletin in which such a disaster is more explicitly avowed.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says it was expected that another battle would be fought before the siege operations would come on.

Forty thousand men were embarking in Algeria for the Adriatic, and at Paris news was expected of the occupation of Venice by the French.

The Austrian reserves, numbering 175,000 men, were on their way to Italy. They are considered the flower of the Austrian army. Not a man of them has served less than eight years.

The Austrians have sunk five small vessels, a large frigate, and three steamers, in the port of Malamocco, to prevent the passage of the French squadron.

The Paris *Presse* says that private messages from Berne are spoken of which put down the Austrian loss at the enormous number of 35,000 *hors de combat* and 15,000 taken prisoners, together with sixteen flags and seventy-five pieces of cannon. This, however, lacks confirmation.

A dispatch from Rome announces that Ferrara, Ravenna, Forli, Ancona, and other towns have been replaced under the authority of the Pope by intervention of the Pontifical troops.

The officer who commanded the Swiss troops in the affair at Perugia is said to have been promoted.

APPEARANCE OF GARIBALDI.

A party of travelers visited Garibaldi at Como, and one of them has described the visit. We make a couple of extracts:

"I could scarcely believe that the quiet, unaffected, gentlemanly man who entered and sat down with us was Garibaldi. He is of middle height, not more than five feet seven or eight inches, I should think; a square shouldered, deep chested, powerful man, without being at all heavy. He has a healthy, English complexion, with brown hair and beard, rather light, both slightly touched with gray, and cut very short. His head shows a very fine development, mental as well as moral, and his face is good, though not remarkable to a casual observer—nothing to show the man who could form and carry out such plans as the retreat from Rome or the capture of Como; but when he spoke of the oppression and sufferings of his country, the lip and eye told the deep feeling long suppressed, and the steadfast, daring character of the man. A child would stop him in the street to ask him what o'clock it was, but the man condemned to be shot in half an hour would never, after a look of that calm determined face, waste time in asking mercy upon earth. During our long interview he spoke much of passing events (excepting his own share), but without southern gesticulation. He has the calm manner and appearance of the English gentleman and officer; it was only when he spoke of the generous sympathy of the people of England with the sufferings of Italy that his Saxon-like calmness gave way; then, as he assured us again and again, how thoroughly it was appreciated by Italians of every class, and how grateful they were for it, he showed that the warm blood of Italy burned in his veins.

WHAT HIS MEN ARE LIKE.

"As so much had been said of the brigandage and ruffianism of Garibaldi's men, I examined them carefully. I have had considerable practice in the discrimination of bad faces, and have occasionally surprised a jail chaplain by picking out the habitual from the casual criminals, but among the hundreds I saw I did not find one; wild young scamps whom their fathers lectured and their mothers cried over, there might be; and many no doubt who had sauntered away life talking of Italian independence, who, if Englishmen, most probably, or if Scotchmen, most certainly, would have worked hard abroad if not at home for personal independence till the time came to fight for that of their country; but that the force, or any appreciable proportion of it, is made up of bad characters, I have no hesitation in denying. There is a large number of gentlemen—a large proportion appeared to be sons of, or themselves, small proprietors, farmers, and tradesmen; the remainder operatives and working men from town and country—all men who had worked honestly for their living, or did not require to do so, decently and comfortably dressed, and all wonderfully tidy after sleeping so long in their clothes. I did not see a ragged fellow among them. Their behavior was every where the same—quiet and orderly. Some I saw in the handsome cathedral, admiring it, like ourselves. One or two joined the service in a side chapel. The *cafés* were well frequented, too, but in very many cases only to write letters, at which they were very grave. Others patriotically did the amiable to the fair Comians, but I saw not one drinking, all were sober and ready to fall in at a moment's notice. They were good customers, but the patriotism of the shop-keepers did not vent itself in low prices. One young fellow I saw trying to purchase one of the small leathern bags travelers sling over the shoulder, but his francs were few and the seller obdurate, and he had to leave it. I was much interested in two young gentlemen, apparently brothers, who were going from shop to shop, fitting out the elder, who looked nineteen or twenty. The younger had the seasoned look which a few weeks give the campaigner, if sleeping on wet ground, 'under the canopy' does not kill or send him to Hospital at once. The elder had that bloom of youth which seldom survives hard contact with the world, never if with personal hardship. The recruit was glowing with hopeful excitement; war had still its poetry for him, while the young veteran, though spirited, was quiet and business-like—war was a stern reality. He looked carefully to the texture of the great coat, their only uniform, which the other put on as if it had been a robe for a triumph."

HOW GARIBALDI'S MEN FIRE.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Garibaldi's head-quarters, says: "While the city looked to its own defense, Garibaldi attacked Urban, and defeated him. It was the squadron of Genoese riflemen whom I mentioned in my last letter, who decided this victory. The young Count Belgiojoso, and a young student named Rollero, noted even among those valorous ones for his indomitable courage, were among the dead. Camillo Stallo, a young Genoese, twenty years of age, the founder of the rifle corps in Genoa, seeing that a number of his companions (all good marksmen) yet failed to bring down the artillery men at the Austrian battery, exclaimed to five of them, '*You load, I'll fire!*'—and he did fire five times, in succession—*each shot brought down an Austrian.* As he took aim the sixth time, the remainder sprang to their horses and fled precipitately with the cannon, at the same time another band of 'Hunters' attacking the same corps with the bayonet, the infantry likewise took to their heels, and Stallo was created officer on the battle-field. Glad tidings for his young bride, to whom he was united the day before he joined the camp."

AUSTRIAN ATROCITIES.

An official statement, emanating from the Sardinian Government, has been communicated in a formal manner to the representatives of that Government at foreign courts. In this circular the Austrians are charged with a deliberate violation of the laws of war, and in particular with a certain act of barbarity which is described and authenticated in the most circumstantial manner. On the 20th of May, the day on which the battle of Montebello was fought, some Austrian troops were encamped on the heights of Torricella, a small district in the province of Voghera, adjoining the road on which the combat took place, between Castaggio and Stradella. A patrol of this force, we are told, arrested a constable, and compelled him to serve as a guide to the village, which the soldiers entered. They proceeded, under the same guidance, to a house inhabited by a family named Cignoli, comprising five persons so called, in the position, apparently, of small peasant farmers, and four others, probably either servants or laborers. The house was searched by the patrol, and the investigation resulted "in the discovery of a small leathern bag, containing a small amount of shot (*plomb de chasse*)." It is not asserted that any arms were found, nor do we learn that any other evidence existed to the prejudice of the household. Upon this evidence alone, however, the patrol arrested the entire family, and conducted them from the village to the presence of the Austrian commander, who was sitting on his horse on the high road in the midst of his troops. What follows had better be related in Count Cavour's own words:

"After exchanging a few words in German with the soldiers in charge of the prisoners, the commandant told the constable who had served as a guide to remain where he was. He then ordered the nine unfortunate peasants, who could not make themselves understood, and who were trembling all over, to descend into a path by the roadside. They had scarcely gone a few steps when the commandant gave a signal to a platoon to fire on them. Eight of these unfortunate men fell dead; old Cignoli, mortally wounded, gave no signs of life. The Austrian troops resumed their march; and the commandant, turning to the constable, told him he might go; and, that he might not be detained by other Austrian troops in the neighborhood, he gave him a card to present, if necessary, for his safe-conduct. This card was a simple visiting card, bearing, under a count's coronet, this name:

"FELD-MARSCHALL LIEUTENANT URBAN."

Such is the story given to the world by Count Cavour, who not only vouches for its authenticity by representing it as "legally confirmed," but expressly states that it is published in an official form by the Government of Sardinia in order that it might be the more readily believed in foreign countries, and received with the indignation which its details are calculated to excite.

HOW THE EMPEROR MAKES WAR.

A letter from Brescia says: "The march of the allies is not unlike the movement of a gigantic boa constrictor following its prey; coil after coil of its enormous body rolls forward in uninterrupted succession until it suddenly stops. The prey must be near, for it entwines all its coils as close as its massive mobility admits, as if preparing for the spring. This is, just at this moment, the attitude. The mass of the body close together, and at rest, apparently, and only the head stretched out, as if to measure the distance. It is the concentration of strength and energy before employing it. The greatest part of the army is collected within a comparatively small space, from which it can throw itself, in a moment's notice, in any direction where its presence may be required.

"A council of war is held to-day to determine this, or rather to discuss the matter; for there is only one person who decides, and that is the commander-in-chief of the allied armies; and sudden and unexpected are these decisions. To be sure, nobody knows where he will pass the night; nobody knows where he is going; the order comes at the last moment, and every one must be off. This secrecy is so striking that there is in the army a saying, '*Il fait la guerre en conspirateur*;' and the saying is true enough: no conspirator ever kept his plans closer. Indeed, now and then, movements and counter-movements are made, people think, especially to mislead and puzzle all calculations. Of one thing you may be certain, however—that the famous *quadrilatère* had been the object of study long before the war commenced; its strength is not underrated, and means are provided accordingly adequate to the work. What these means are, of course you don't expect me to tell; but you may prepare yourself for something astonishing and most unexpected."

HOW THE EMPEROR HAS THINGS DONE.

The following will give some idea of how the Emperor Napoleon has things done. It is from the letter of a person present when the Emperor ordered a bridge to be thrown over the Ticino for the passage of the Imperial Guard:

"His Majesty sent for the captain of the pontoneers and asked him how long it would take to make a passage for the army? 'Two hours and a half, Sire,' was the reply. The Emperor took out his watch and said, 'Captain, I give you an hour and a quarter.' 'We will try and do it, Sire,' replied the captain. 'No,' said the Emperor, 'do not merely try—do it.' The first boats were soon moored, and the Emperor, in spite of the observations of his generals and his aides-de-camp, jumped on this commencement of a bridge. The fastenings, not yet properly secured, were in great danger of being driven away by the current, and his Majesty was again cautioned, but he made no reply. As another boat was fastened to the first, the Emperor continued to advance, and as a workman hastened to pass him, he said, in a loud tone, 'Make haste!' to increase his speed. In an hour and a quarter the bridge was secured on both banks, and the brigade of General Clerc rushed over it to meet the Austrians. The captain of the pontoneers was standing on the bank of the river wiping his forehead when the Emperor went up to him, and shaking him by the hand said, 'Captain, I thank you.'"

MOVEMENTS OF KOSSUTH.

We read in the Marseilles correspondence of the London *Times*: "M. Kossuth left here this morning in the *Sinai*, at seven o'clock, for Genoa, accompanied by M. Figyelmesy, who is designated on the Sardinian passport they have between them as 'Aid-de-camp to M. Kossuth,' which would seem to imply that the ex-Dictator of Hungary is to hold a military command. Last evening M. Figyelmesy went to the encampment of the Austrian prisoners at Menpempti. He addressed himself exclusively to the Hungarians, among whom he distributed a considerable sum in gold and silver, giving nothing to the Germans. He informed his fellow-countrymen that M. Kossuth was in Marseilles, on his road to Genoa and the head-quarters of the allies, where he was to have an interview with Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel, for the purpose of organizing means to secure the national independence of Hungary, which he affirmed the allied sovereigns had agreed to recognize. He also stated that the allies would lend their aid to liberate Hungary from Austrian rule. I believe that M. Kossuth's aid-de-camp had no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of his mission. On being told that M. Kossuth would spare no efforts to promote their well-being and obtain their freedom as early as possible, the Hungarians expressed their pleasure at no longer being compelled to fight for Austria; but, for all that, I doubt if they are inclined to desert, and risk the dangers of another fight, with the prospect of a court-martial if retaken. When M. Kossuth and his aid-de-camp arrived at the railway station yesterday afternoon, they were met by the police agents, who inquired at what hotel they proposed to stop. On being informed of the address a couple of police agents, in private clothes, mounted guard before the doors, to watch the movements of the Hungarians and note who called upon them. They were there the last thing at night and the first thing this morning, to escort M. Kossuth and his aid-de-camp on board, and see them safe out of France. Before leaving, a young Italian volunteered to fight for Italian and Hungarian liberty, and was taken on to Genoa to serve in the Hungarian legion. M. Kossuth, I am informed, has many admirers in Marseilles, who were only deterred from calling to pay their respects by the presence of the police agents."

ITALIAN EXCITEMENT AT MILAN.

The following extract from a letter addressed by the Bandmaster of the First Regiment of Grenadiers of the Imperial French Guard to a friend, will give your readers some idea of the real feelings of the Italians. The letter is dated from Milan:

"On arriving in Italy, in order to please the Italians, I made a collection of patriotic and anti-Austrian airs. On the 10th our band had to play in Milan, and elegantly-attired ladies filled the balconies to hear us, a large crowd collected and the Colonel and the principal officers of the regiment attended. Our first pieces were loudly applauded; but when we played '*Fratelli Italiani*' the March of Victor Emanuel, and a Milanese song prohibited by the Austrians, the most extraordinary enthusiasm was manifested. From all the windows flowers and bonbons were thrown into the circle formed by my men, young girls flung themselves weeping into each other's arms, and one of them came and kissed my hand. A lady, besides, came from a house with a Sardinian flag and handed it to me. I kept it floating above my head with one hand, while I beat time with the other. As we returned to our quarters, even the children clapped their hands and cried, *Viva la Francia!* I could not hear that cry in a foreign country without deep emotion."

HOW NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS ARE TREATED.

A letter from a newspaper correspondent, after describing various hardships endured by representatives of the press, adds:

"To add to our miseries, we are any thing but well regarded by the authorities, and consequently are treated, I will not say like dogs—for the meanest cur would be sure of a better reception than is accorded to us—but like venomous reptiles whom every one would be glad to stone if he had the courage. From Vercelli to Novara we received an honorable place among the Emperor's luggage. From Novara onward we were stowed away among the *cantiniers*. We are neither esteemed nor loved. The *gens-d'armes* look upon us suspiciously from under the shadow of their hairy caps. Marshal Vaillant tolerates us because commanded to do so by the Emperor. Baraguay d'Hilliers harasses us whenever we fall within the range of his authority."

FRENCH SOLDIERS AND ITALIAN GIRLS.

An Austrian letter says of the French troops: "They do not generally commit murder if they are civilly received, it is true; but no woman's honor is safe in any village through which a French detachment happens to be marching. After the affair at Malegnano, the licentiousness of the victorious soldiery knew no bounds. They penetrated into the cellars of the houses, where some part of the female population had taken refuge while the fighting was going on, and frightful excesses were committed there. At Gallipazzo and Pugnalo, near Lodi, the villages were still deserted when I passed there. I went to see the parish priest, to ask him what had happened, but I could only get out of him, 'Ah! these devils of Frenchmen.' A few houses had been gutted but the natives had, by keeping out of the way, rendered any greater crime impossible. At Isola Bella the Turcos had left marks of their passage. I saw a group of women standing round the door of a cottage, and, moved by curiosity, asked what was the matter. 'These hell-hounds have taken our daughters from us;' and, in fact, I saw several Italian village girls following the regiment at Lodi. They were unwilling to return home after their disgrace, and shame kept them trailing after their ravishers. Their fate is indeed lamentable."

AUSTRIAN ANECDOTES.

During a conflict between the Imperial troops and Garibaldi's men, a captain of an Austrian company observed one of his men—a Slovak (one of the numerous Slavonic races)—concealed behind a tree. Believing that the man was a coward, the officer was about to call out to him, when suddenly he saw him lift his rifle to his shoulder, and take aim at a superior officer, who was getting his men into order on the top of a steep hill. The weapon was speedily lowered with an expression of displeasure, but after the lapse of a moment it was again leveled. A report was heard, and, long before the man could have known whether he had hit his mark or not, he was "crowing like a cock." The officer, who saw the follower of Garibaldi fall, asked the rifleman how he could triumph before he knew whether his shot had taken effect, and received the following characteristic reply: "I got a fair sight at my man, and what I can see I can hit." A hussar, who had the worst horse in his squadron, repeatedly declared that he would be soon one of the best-mounted men in the regiment, and one day he made a tremendous dash at a Sardinian officer, who was accompanied by a lancer. The latter was literally ridden over, the officer was lifted by his left leg out of the saddle, and the hussar returned to his comrades with a capital horse, and a wound in his shoulder. To a thorough-bred Magyar every non-Hungarian is a "Suabian" (Schwabe), and great was the jubilation of the children of the Puszta that the "Piedmontese Schwabe" had been so cleverly dismounted.

DISTURBANCES AT ROME.

Advices have been received from Rome to the 21st inst. On Sunday the crowd assembled before the French garrison, and were about to display the tricolored flag and to proclaim the dictatorship of Victor Emanuel, but General Guyon prevented it. Strong patrols traversed the town yesterday. The Pope has notified his protest against the dismemberment of his States to the Powers represented at the Paris Conferences. At Gaeta yesterday the Pope addressed the Consistory on the separation of the Romagna from the States of the Church. His Holiness communicated to the Cardinals a letter of the Emperor Napoleon, guaranteeing the independence of the Papal States. The Delegate of Ancona has withdrawn into the fortress with the troops, who have there fortified themselves.

MASSACRE OF THE ITALIANS AT PERUGIA.

Advices have been received from Arezzo to the 21st.

The Swiss regiments which have left Rome attacked Perugia on the 20th inst. Great resistance was made, notwithstanding that the defenders were few. After three hours' fight outside the town the Swiss entered, and the combat continued for two hours in the streets. The Swiss trampled down and killed even women and inoffensive persons. The next day the outrages, arrests, and firing on the people recommenced.

The town is in a state of siege.

THE DICTATORSHIP OF VICTOR EMANUEL IN ITALY.

The *Moniteur* contains a note explaining the nature of the dictatorship offered by the whole of Italy to the King of Sardinia. It is a false conclusion that Piedmont, without consulting the wishes of the different peoples or the great Powers, reckons on uniting the whole of Italy in a single state. Such conjectures have no foundation. The different peoples, whether delivered or abandoned, desire to make common cause against Austria. With this intention they have placed themselves under the protection of the King, but the dictatorship is purely a temporary power, which, while uniting the common forces in the same hands, in no way presages combination for the future.

The *Monitore Toscano* publishes a Ministerial circular ordering the prefects to respect free manifestations and the popular wish for annexation with Piedmont. The circular denies the possibility of a return of the former dynasty, and declares that divisions of territory would enfeeble Italy. Victor Emanuel is the symbol of union and liberty.

The *Patrie* publishes the King of Sardinia's speech to the commissioners from Bologna. His Majesty refused the military dictatorship offered him, and will disapprove of every act subversive of or contrary to equity and prejudicial to the cause of national independence. *The King has sent an aid-de-camp to the Pope to assure his Holiness that he has nothing to fear from the events now happening*, and that the independence of the Peninsula would be a guarantee, and not a menace, to the neutrality and independence of the States of the Church.

THE PEACE PROPOSALS OF PRUSSIA.

The basis of the mediation which it is said Prussia will propose to the belligerent Powers is, that Lombardy shall become an independent State, Venetia be governed by an Austrian Archduke, and an energetic application shall be made to France and Austria to bring about an armistice.

The *Independance Belge* gives another version of the propositions which Prussia is said to have made for the establishment of peace, but does not guarantee their authenticity.

According to this latter information, Prussia proposes that Lombardy be annexed to Piedmont.

Parma, Modena, and Tuscany to be restored to their legitimate sovereigns.

The authority of the Pope to be re-established in the Legations.

Venice to become independent.

The four famous fortresses of the Mincio to be annexed to the Germanic Confederation, so preventing an aggressive return to Lombardy on the part of Austria, and protecting Venice from the aggrandizing projects of Piedmont.

EXCITEMENT IN WURTEMBURG.

A letter from Stuttgardt says: "Here in Stuttgardt the windows of the print-shops, and they are very numerous—though it has not half the inhabitants of Cork it is said to contain more than sixty book-shops—are filled with pictures of the brave deeds and fights and battles of the Wurtemburgers in the last war against the French. War-songs appear daily in the papers, calling on Germans once more to rise and defend the fatherland from the Po to the Rhine. Old Arndt, the famous writer of as soul-stirring war-songs as ever were written, has now, in his old age, after long silence, written one more, which appears beautifully engraved, with a border of cannons, banners, soldiers, and horses, in every window where books are sold. Pity he should join in the frantic humor of the South Germans—mad, indeed, they seem to be. Their soldiers are mere louts—not one has ever seen a shot fired in earnest, they are awkward in their movements, walk badly, and small of stature, and very young. Ten thousand of them would run before a French regiment. As to the officers, you never saw such gawks in all your life. They can neither walk, run, ride, leap, or play any manly game. Their whole time, when off duty, is spent smoking cigars—bought at twenty-five for one shilling—and drinking beer at a penny a pint, and playing piquet or billiards. In the evening they can go to the theatre for one-third of the price paid by civilians. To hear them speak one would suppose them the bravest fellows in the world, but they are easily bullied, and they would much rather run away than fight.

THE WAR FEVER.

"On Monday the brave Wurtemburgers are to march to the neighborhood of Heilbronn, where they are to be encamped. For the last week the mothers, sisters, and aunts of the officers have been hard at work scraping old linen into lint for the wounds that their brave relatives soon hope to receive. Here they know nothing of the woven lint, and a society has within the last few days been formed by the Queen and the ladies of the court, at the head of which is one Frau Von Luck, famed here for works of charity, for the collection of old linen, and the preparation of lint therefrom. In the windows of the ironmongers are displayed field-cookery apparatus for officers, at from five to sixteen florins, so sure are they of being shortly about to take the field. It is really sad to hear the nonsense spoken here every minute. I fear that bad will come out of this hatred of the French by the South Germans."

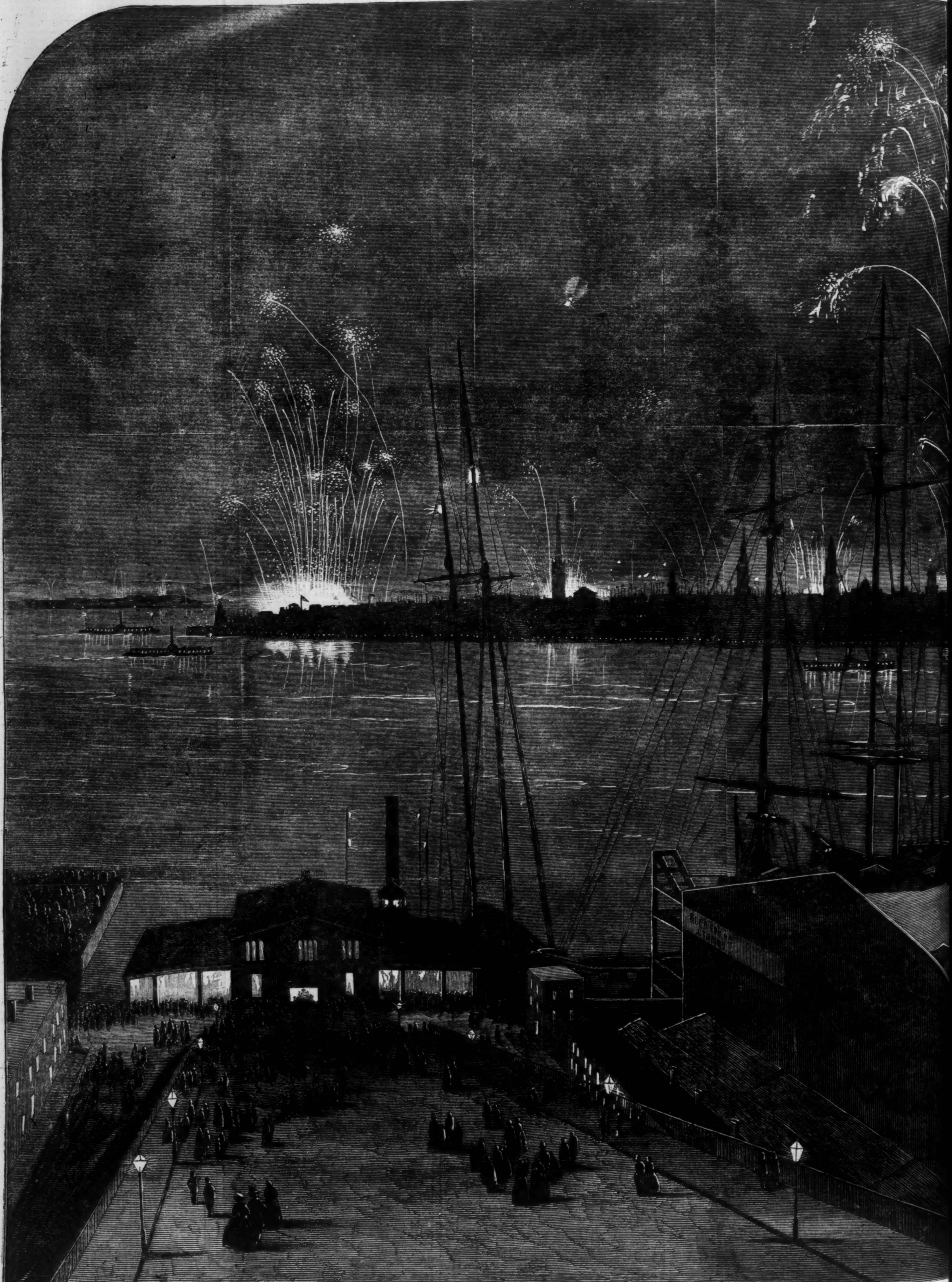
ENGLAND.

THE PALMERSTON POLICY.

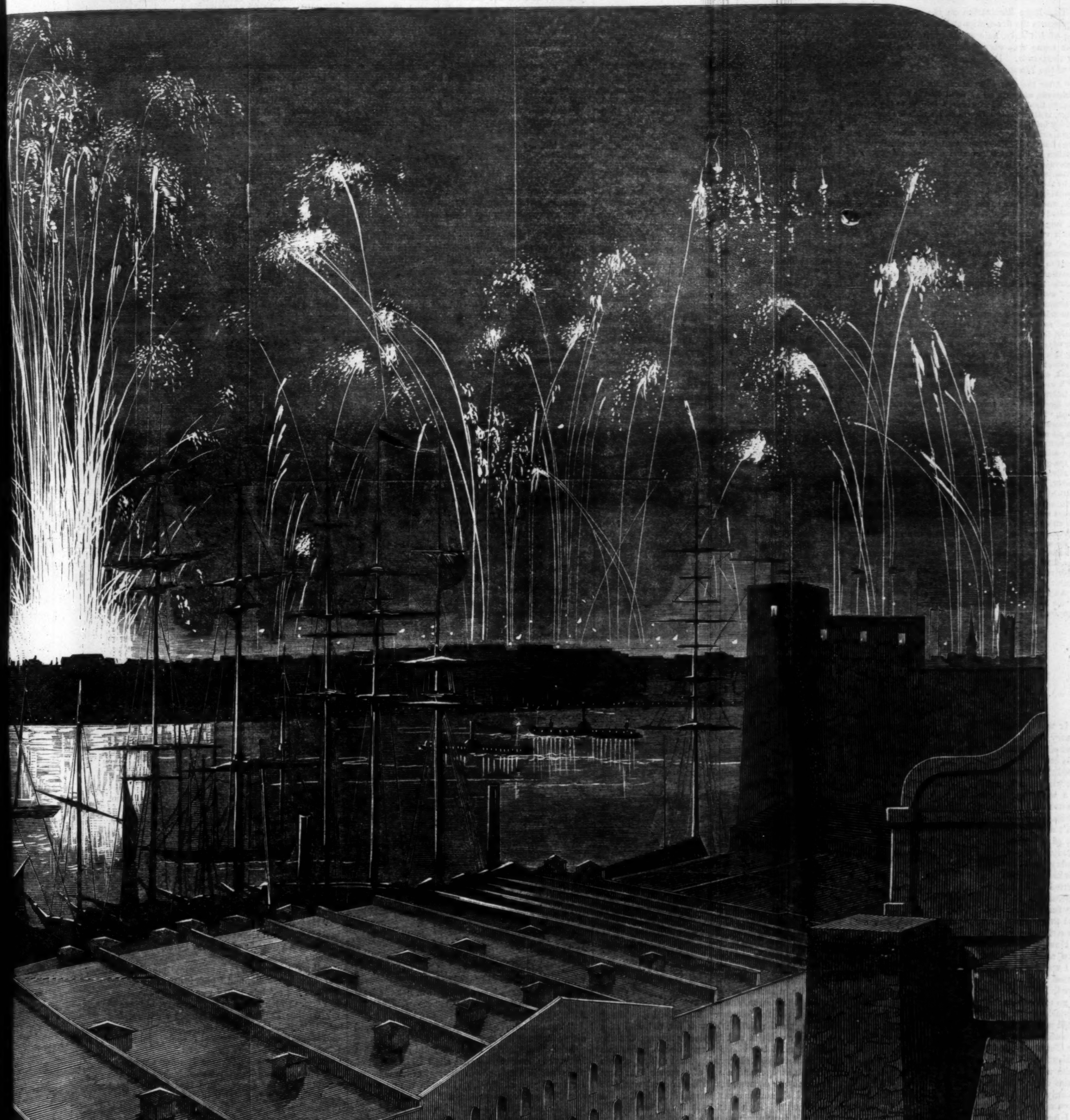
In his address to the electors of Tiverton, Lord Palmerston says: "It will be one of the great objects of the government so formed to preserve for their country the blessings of peace, and to take advantage of any favorable opportunity that may present itself to exert the moral influence of Great Britain to assist in restoring peace to the continent of Europe. We shall also have to consider the important question of the amendment of the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament; and I trust that we may be able so to deal with that subject as to strengthen the institutions of the country by placing them on a broader and firmer foundation."

THACKERAY TO WRITE TWO MORE NOVELS.

The London correspondent of the Inverness *Courier* has the following: "I mentioned lately that the publishers, Smith, Elder, & Co., had resolved on starting a monthly magazine, and had secured the co-operation of Mr. Thackeray. The terms of that co-operation are so remarkable as to be worthy of specific notice. Mr. Thackeray contracts to supply two tales, each extending to sixteen parts, or carried over sixteen numbers of the magazine, and is to receive £350 each part. The publishers, however, have a right to print, in a separate form, one edition of each of the tales. Thus the novelist has work provided for two years and eight months, at the handsome allowance of £350 a month. You may rely on the accuracy of this statement; and it certainly forms a curious and interesting chapter in literary history."



FIRE-WORKS AT NEW YORK ON THE EVENING OF THE



E FOURTH OF JULY, AS SEEN FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

FIRE-WORKS AT NEW YORK ON THE FOURTH.

THE large illustration on the preceding pages represents the fire-works at New York on the evening of 4th July, as seen from Brooklyn Heights. The scene was very striking, and was witnessed by thousands. It is thus described by the reporter of the *Times:*

"After the first flight of rockets the delight of the multitude was first called forth by the Greek Bengola Lights, the invention of which, according to the Messrs. Edge, is attributed to Tippoo Saib, and is the most powerfully brilliant light known to the pyrotechnic art. In rapid succession, rockets and bombs intervening, the large framework-pieces were fired off to the intense gratification of the spectators, who cheered vehemently as each new and marvelous effect was produced. The 'Tribute of Ceres' was the first of these wonders, followed by the 'Egyptian Pyramid,' which commenced with a revolving sun of radiant Maltese, carmine, and Japanese fires, mutating to a splendid pyramid of colored fires, one hundred feet in height. This piece was deservedly cheered, long and loudly. So were the 'Polka Quadrille,' which was truly magnificent, and the 'Queen of the Mist,' an entirely new and original piece, resembling ornamental shell-work, with dolphins spouting fire (supposed to be water) to the height of fifty feet. The representation of a Fire Engine and of a Steamer gave great satisfaction to the beholders. The 'Star of Independence' was even more beautiful than any of the preceding. It commenced with a hexagon wheel of jessamine fires, with colored centres, mutating to the 'Star of Independence,' composed of red, blue, and green jets, which suddenly, in its turn, mutated to a magnificent five-pointed star of immense size and brilliancy. The piece succeeding this was called a 'Tribute to Flora,' and represented a basket of flowers containing roses, tulips, jessamines, pinks, and forget-me-nots, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of laurels. But the triumph of the pyrotechnists, and the utmost excess of delight on the part of the spectators, was reserved for the final and crowning piece, 'The Temple of Fame.' This beautiful exhibition commenced with a wheel of Chinese fire, mutating to a temple composed of red, blue, silver green, and gold lance work, representing three arches supported by four Egyptian columns. Over the centre arch, resting on a section of the globe, was the national fowl of America, bearing an olive-branch in his talons, and contemplating with due gravity the word 'Union,' presented in blazing fires beneath him. In the centre arch was a figure of Washington in the act of delivering his Farewell Address. In the other arches were figures of Liberty and Justice, and beneath the whole structure was the motto, '1776, American Independence, 1853.' This fine composition covered nearly the whole length of the space in front of the Governor's room, and terminated with a grand flight of colored fires, filling the air for several hundred feet. Cheer upon cheer rent the air until the last spark had faded out, when the vast multitude poured like a flood out of each of the avenues of the Park, to finish up what remained of 'the Fourth' in various ways, according to their own pleasure."

ONE YEAR.

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
TENNYSON.

IT was Christmas Eve. I remember it well—a dreary day as ever December brought us. Our part of the country is not a cheerful one in winter: it is in the north, and high up, and not much sheltered; the snow falls early and lies late there, and the wind and the wintry rain sweep over the hills in a wild, hopeless, pitiless way that people who are not used to it find it very hard to keep up their spirits against; and even I, who am used to it, can't afford to be idle those days, and sit looking out of the window on the driving rain, and the cloudy hills, and the plashy pools that are not more muddy than the low, dull sky. If ever I do I get thinking over days gone by, and the hopes they carried with them; and the present, so drearily different to that I used to think it would be; of the future, that looks, when I am in this mood, and think about it, very much like the prospect I see out of doors, as dull, as indistinct, as hopeless. However, I must come back to my Christmas Eve, and keep on straight to my story.

I was alone, for the first time of my life at that period of the year. My brother, with whom I lived, had been obliged, some weeks previously, to go to Paris on business. He was agent to Lord Somerleigh, on whose estate we lived, and who resided much abroad. It was a cruel disappointment to both Frank and me that he could not be at home for Christmas, and I'm afraid I did not bear it as patiently as I might have done; for I was then but quite a girl, and Frank, who was a good many years older, spoiled me as a father is apt to spoil an only child, so that it was a rare thing to me to have my wishes crossed.

I had got through the morning *pretty* well, for there was always plenty to do in our little household, and I had many resources in the way of books, drawing, and music; but when the evening came on there arrived, under cover of the darkness, such a legion of blue-devils that I could not stand up against them. Oh! the wind, shrieking, and howling, and wailing! and the rattling of doors and windows, and the *huish* of the sleet against the window! Then there would come in draughts that, despite the glowing fire, blew chilly between my shoulders and about my ankles, and caused the curtains to wave in a way that it made me very uncomfortable indeed to look on; and worst of all, Linda, Frank's pet setter, whom I had got in to keep me company, became troubled in her mind, and would sit for a few moments looking gloomily into the fire, with her damp nose twitching till it gave out a low whine, and then she would walk to the door, and snuff under it, and look back at me and lie down with a *flop*, and get up again and walk to and fro restlessly, and listen, and even come now and then to utter a low growl; all of which demonstrations on her part so added to my nervous discomfort that I had a great mind to call up Jane from the kitchen, even though I knew Bill Hawkins, to whom she was to be married the day after New-Year's Day, had come in to see her, and I was very unwilling to disturb their *tête-à-tête*, which even Bessy, our other servant, had respected, by going up to bed before her usual time.

Suddenly Linda's vague uneasiness assumed a more definite form; she trotted briskly to the window, listened, snuffed, and then burst forth into a violent fit of barking, which was echoed by Hero and Nep. outside.

A good deal startled, I opened the door, and stood by it, ready for all emergencies—for I must tell you it was a rare thing indeed for any stranger to be about there at that time in the evening, and the dogs never barked at any but strangers; then there came a violent peal at the door-bell. I stood on the landing and listened over the banisters, while Bill Hawkins, followed by Jane, went to the front door.

"Doant 'ee open it, Bill," she whispered, loudly, "until 'ee knows who it be."

"Bother, lass!" was all Bill's rejoinder, as he drew back the bolt and turned the key.

"A telegraphic message for Miss Grey," I heard a strange voice utter. My heart smote me—it could only be from Frank—and I ran down and met Bill on the stairs, took the paper from him and rushed back to the light to read it:

"Your brother is very ill," it said; "we *hope* not in danger, but would advise you, if possible, to lose no time in coming to him." Then followed directions about trains, steamboats, etc.

Of course there was but the one thing to be done. Jane and I hurried a few clothes into a trunk; Bill engaged to have the dog-cart at the door before five o'clock in the morning; and hardly stopping to undress I threw myself into my bed, and after tossing about through some weary hours of unspeakable suffering and anxiety I fell asleep, barely an hour before Bessy, warned by Jane, came to call me.

At any other time the thought of taking such a journey alone, and a great part of it at night, would, in itself, have been sufficient to fill me with the extremest anxiety, not to say alarm. I had never traveled by myself in my life; I had never crossed the sea; but now my mind was so filled with a foreboding terror and anxiety about my dearest dear Frank, that I hardly thought of these things. I might have taken Bessy, but I knew that once away from home she was an unhelpful little body, and besides, I was so utterly ignorant of the probable amount of my traveling expenses that I was afraid, perhaps, with two of us my money might run short, and *then* what should I do!

Before the clock struck five we were off, Bill Hawkins and I, in the dog-cart, meeting the cutting wintry wind as it swept across the wold.

It was a good twelve miles to the railway station, and though old Jack put his best foot foremost, what with the hills and the heaviness of the roads, it took us well on to two hours to get there. However, I was in time for the train, that was all I cared about, and soon was whirled off miles and miles away from the farthest bit of country that my longest rides or drives had made me acquainted with.

Then, indeed, I began to feel "a lone lorn creature," and as I had the carriage all to myself, I indulged—truly *indulged* is the word under some circumstances—in a hearty fit of crying.

In due time we reached London. At the station I met old Mr. L——, Lord Somerleigh's lawyer, and a sort of friend—one of those people we call friends because we have been in more or less close contact with them all our lives—of Frank's. He told me it was feared Frank's illness was small-pox.

"A bad case?" I asked.

He shook his head; he could not say, he was afraid so because delirium had set in almost immediately: it was the physician who had written to him, and sent me the telegraphic message.

Mr. L. gave me the passport he had procured for me, took me somewhere—I don't know where—to eat something—which I couldn't eat; saw me back to the railway station, and again I was in the train on my way to Dover.

This time I was not alone in the carriage. There were four persons besides myself: a husband and wife, who had evidently had a quarrel on the way to the station, and who kept up small bickerings most of the journey. The man I should say had begun the battle: he was fat, red, and of a generally choleric and apoplectic aspect; but the woman must have been a rare one to perpetuate such differences; she was lean and sallow, with a hard black eye, and a slit of a mouth that went down at the corners, and a determined would-be victim look and manner, unspeakably hard to be borne with. Then there was a fat Frenchman, who spit very much into his handkerchief, to my intense disgust; for he would do it so very conspicuously; couldn't have been induced by any means, I should say, to perform the operation quietly. Lastly, opposite to me, in the corner, sat a young man of about five-and-twenty, fair, and curly-haired, with a clear kindly blue eye, and a face as pleasant to look on as ever you saw.

I am free to confess that when I was able to collect my thoughts and take a little notice of what was going on about me I had a vague satisfaction in having him opposite to me, instead of one of those others.

I suppose I looked very dreary and woe-begone, for occasionally I accidentally encountered my neighbor's eye glancing at me with a certain amount of pitying interest. It was bitterly cold, and I was not as well provided as I might have been with wraps, besides which I had never got thoroughly over the chill of my early morning's drive. He saw me shiver, I suppose, for, without speaking, he unstrapped a railway wrapper he had placed beside him, and, quite simply and naturally, not only insisted on lending it to me, but helped to envelop me in it, with as much skill as care.

"Are you going to cross over this evening?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And on to Paris?"

"Yes," I said again, and somehow, by the time we got to Dover, I had told him the object of my journey, and various details thereanent.

I suppose it was very foolish, and that some people would have been much scandalized; but I felt it a comfort to speak to any body that looked and spoke kindly, and I was barely nineteen, and so unused to the world's ways!

He was going to Paris too, and he asked me, as if it were a favor, to let him look after me, and see to my luggage, and get me through the Custom-house, and all the rest of it.

"I have sisters of my own," he said; "one, I should think, about your age, and you must let me do for you what I would do for her."

We had a rapid passage, and happily I was not a bit sick; and was able to stay on deck all the time.

My new friend would not hear of taking back his wrapper; but finding me a sheltered corner to sit in, he rolled me up in it from head to foot, and came every few minutes to see how I was getting on.

It was quite dark by the time we landed. He helped me through every difficulty; insisted on getting me some dinner at Calais, and in due time we started by the night train for Paris.

We had a carriage all to ourselves.

"You are tired to death," my friend—might I not call him my friend?—said: "put up your feet and let me cover you up—so—and now lie back in the corner and go to sleep."

I did as he bade me, quite passively—all but the going to sleep—I couldn't manage that all at once. The thought of, and the fear for Frank, lulled during a little space, came back upon me and tormented me without ceasing, and though I shut my eyes and tried to shut my mind against them, they haunted me and kept me long waking.

All this time my friend read quietly by the light of the lamp, and I could see him now and then glance at me to know if I were asleep, and I pretended to be, as a child does when its mother has bidden it slumber.

At last, fairly worn out, to sleep I went in earnest, I don't know for how long—it seemed a great while—and then woke up out of a terrible dream composed of all sorts of horrors—sickness, death, tossing on weary waves, torn by mad rushing trains, never, never arriving at my destination—all the circumstances of my mission and journey jumbled up into a tangled maze of impossible terrors.

I caught myself, when I woke, still sobbing and gasping, and there, bending toward me, full of pity and anxiety, was the kindly face of yesterday, for it was now in the first hours of the morning, and the kindly voice came soothingly on my ear.

I started up, considerably ashamed of myself.

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes; "I'm afraid I have disturbed you?"

"Oh no, I can seldom sleep when I'm traveling. I'm afraid you're not rested, you have slept so uneasily: try to compose yourself again."

"No, I've done with sleep now; I'd rather wake any time than have such horrible dreams again. Dear—dear! when do you think we shall get there?"

"Not for some hours yet. What shall we do to lighten the time for you?—could you read, do you think?—here is a very amusing book."

I tried to read, but in vain; the dim light, the tremulous movement, the fatigue, and the anxiety, all made it a labor instead of a relief to me. My neighbor quietly, and without speaking, took the book out of my hand.

"I see *that* won't do. Tell me, where is your brother staying in Paris?"

"In the Rue de Martignon; do you know where that is?"

"Oh, well: I am going very near there myself; but you must let me take you to your brother's first. Have you ever had the small-pox?"

"No, never."

"You have been vaccinated, of course; but have you been lately?—since your childhood?"

"No."

"It is a great risk," he said, deliberatively; "I wish you could be vaccinated first."

"Ah, but that's impossible! I'm not the least afraid; and they say that's the best preservation. At any rate, what will be, will, you know."

"You are a brave little lady; you are not afraid either for your life or your pretty face?"

I drew up a little: somehow I did not like that last word; it seemed—what shall I say?—out of place, not in keeping with the rest of his manner. He saw I was annoyed, and within the next five minutes contrived, by voice and look and manner, to apologize without a word of actual excuse.

We talked on till, as we drew near Paris, two or three other passengers got in at a station where we stopped. One of these, a smart but dirty young man, took a place next my friend, and nearly opposite to me, and after staring at me for some time, said aloud to his companions—

"*Elle est jolie, l'Anglaise.*"*

My friend colored up furiously.

"*Monsieur, Mademoiselle n'est pas sourde, et, de plus, elle comprend le français.*"†

"*Pardon, Monsieur—je n'avais aucune intention d'offenser Mademoiselle—pardon!*"‡

And thereanent my dirty neighbor withdrew himself from observation by pulling his traveling-cap over his eyes and feigning to court slumber, while his companions talked apart to each other and laughed, apparently much amused at his discomfiture.

At last we reached Paris, and then, for the first time, I began quite to realize my position—to feel that I was about to see Frank, to know to what end my voyage had served, to learn whether I was to rejoice or tremble—and so overpowering was the sensation that I shivered from head to foot, and could hardly answer the brief questions my friend put to me.

"Poor child!" he said, "try to compose yourself; I'll put you into a fiacre, and you keep there quite quiet till I come to you. Give me your keys; I'll go and see to your luggage."

There I sat by myself, I can't say how long—not long, I dare say, but it seemed a weary time to me—feeling about as miserable as I had ever felt in my previous life. Since then I have had a larger experience of terrible hours, but that was the first very dark one to which my memory now goes back. But it brightened with the return of the welcome face and voice, that came on me as those of one long known and trusted.

He directed the coachman where to go, and then stepped in beside me.

"Thank you, you are very, very good!" was all I could say; "what should I have done without you?"

He smiled upon me—he had a beautiful smile.

"I only wish I could do more for you—be of real comfort and help to you. Promise me one thing," he said, turning to me suddenly, with earnest eyes and voice; "promise that this shall not be our last meeting—that you will let me see you again!"

"I promise."

"Your hand upon it."

I laid my hand in his, without the least mistrust, and he held it for a moment, pressed, and then resigned it.

"May I call to-morrow?—next day?"

"Next day, please; I shall be so occupied to-morrow."

"So it shall be."

We spoke no more till the fiacre clattered up to the number indicated in the Rue de Martignon. My friend jumped out and rang the bell.

"Who am I to ask for?" he said, coming back to the coach-door.

"Mr. Grey."

With a sharp click the little door in the middle of the *porte-cochère* opened as if of itself, and my friend stepped through it and disappeared, despite my cry after him to let me out. I had called to the coachman to release me, when he returned, with a face that made me shiver.

"Well?—tell me!"

"Your brother is *very* ill; prepare yourself to find him so."

"Not dead! Oh my God! not dead?"

"No, no, really—give me your arm, I will help you up stairs."

I had need of it to climb those weary four flights up which he supported me. At the door we met Dr. R.

"I thought it right to send for you, Miss Grey," he said, "but I can not let you see your brother at this moment; the risk—worn out as you must be, and coming from the outer air—would be too great; besides, he is not conscious—would not recognize you."

"I *must* see him! Oh, I must! what have I come all this weary way for else? And who can tell how long—"

A violent burst of tears checked further speech, and then my friend spoke gently, but firmly:

"Come in and sit down for a moment."

He took me into the little sitting-room pointed out by Dr. R.; there were Frank's books, his writing-case—a dozen little memorials of him—placed me on the sofa and took a seat beside me, drying my eyes with his own handkerchief—it was perfumed with a certain scent he always used, the odor of which I can not smell now without an agony of recollection—and soothing the violence of my emotion.

"Wait just a few minutes," he said, when I became calmer, "while I speak to the Doctor. You shall see your brother as soon as possible."

The two conversed apart for a little, and then Dr. R. retired.

"He is gone to see if there be any change in your brother, and will admit you as soon as he is able."

In about a quarter of an hour Dr. R. led me into Frank's room.

All words are vain to express my impression of the sight before me, and I pass it over in silence.

I can not say how long I remained by the senseless figure which bore no shadow of resemblance to my darling Frank—to any human creature, but when Dr. R. led me back to the sitting-room, dumb and speechless with terror and despair, I found my friend still there.

From that time all became dim and obscure to me, for the same night I was attacked with the symptoms of the disease, and God knows how I struggled through it. By the time I was out of danger Frank was dead and laid in his foreign grave, and I was utterly alone in the world.

"Lord Somerleigh has sent to inquire for you many times," Dr. R. said, when I was able to attend to any thing, "and to know what he can do to assist you: he begs you will be frank and say whatever you desire. He is in great trouble himself; Mr. Yorke has taken the disease; I feared it was only too probable he might."

"Mr. Yorke?" I looked up for explanation.

"He would come constantly to the house—into the lodging itself while you were ill, so was constantly renewing the chances of infection."

Mr. Yorke—Lord Somerleigh's son—my friend—it all flashed across me at once!—he too, then, was to be dragged into this horrible fate, and that through me, a stranger whose existence a month ago was unknown to him!

Dr. R. attended him also, and I had daily reports of him, for which I waited with a sickening anxiety, the real nature of which I could not long conceal from myself. After an anxious and dangerous struggle, however, the disease took a favorable turn, and he was declared on the road to recovery.

Lord Somerleigh came himself and took me to his house as soon as I could be moved. He was a widower, but had two daughters, both living with him. They were very, very kind to me—God bless them!—then, and have been ever since.

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* "The English girl is pretty!"

† "Sir, the young lady is not deaf, and she understands French."

‡ "I beg your pardon, Sir; I had no intention of offending the young lady."

"To-morrow you shall see Cecil, if you will," Lady Helena, the elder, said to me. "It is a great comfort to him to know you are in the house, poor darling boy!" She ended with a heavy sigh.

Next day as I was lying on the sofa in her boudoir, Cecil Yorke was led in, with a deep-green shade over his eyes; Lady Helena met him at the door, and tenderly taking his disengaged hand conducted him to my couch, placed a chair for him, and in silence she and her sister left the room. For some moments neither of us spoke, so intense was our agitation. At last he said:

"Give me your hand—let me feel you."

I held it out to him, he stretched his—not in the direction of mine—but vaguely, gropingly. I saw the truth in an instant—he was blind!

Yes, utterly, hopelessly blind. Cut off in the prime and pride of his youth, his strength, his beauty, from all that might make the future bright and desirable; from all life's best hopes, gifts, enjoyments.

"I had hoped," he said, "to have asked the possession of this little hand once—that is over now."

"Why over?" I struggled to say.

"Have they not told you—do you not see—what I have become? Never, never more shall I see the light of heaven, or the light of my life, your sweet face. Do not be angry with me *now*," he added, with a faint smile, "for calling it so."

"And is that all that separates us?"

"*All?*"

"Yes, is there no other reason? no other consideration or obstacle? is it because that through me you have lost your sight you give me up?"

"Entirely—solely!"

"Then I swear—oh how joyfully!—to be yours as long as we both shall live. Hush, I love you ten thousand times better than I should have loved you strong, well, prosperous, happy! Life without you would be a burden intolerable to be borne. What! I, friendless, homeless, I may say, probably deprived of any good looks that may once have pleased you; I am not to esteem myself too proud, too blessed in being allowed to give my life the one object of rendering yours as endurable as it may be made? No, if you reject me, all hope, all joy are taken from my future. My fate is in your hands."

He could not throw me off; his father, whatever might have been his feelings under other circumstances, had no objection to make under those that existed (Cecil was, moreover, only his second son), and it was agreed that in a year—my darling brother's recent death made me demand that interval—we should be married.

Meanwhile I was to return home as soon as my health should be entirely established, and Cecil was to come and spend much of the time of his probation at Hollylands, his father's estate, to which my dearest Frank had been agent.

The spring and summer and autumn passed away, no matter now to tell how.

There are passages in one's life that one can think of by hours together, but that can never more be described in words.

The memories of dead happinesses, like the memories of dead friends, may be invoked by the heart, but not by the tongue. There is something awful in speaking to the dead aloud.

Hollyland House was barely three-quarters of a mile from the cottage where Frank and I had lived since my childhood, and which Lord Somerleigh allowed me to remain in till the period of my marriage should arrive; and the road between them was so plain and straight, that after traversing it many times, Cecil learned to find his way to the cottage alone.

In summer I did not mind his coming so, but as winter drew on with storms and wild weather, I felt nervous about it. But he only laughed.

"The blind magnet finds its way to the Pole in all weathers," he would answer.

Again

"The time drew near the birth of Christ,"

and in Christmas week we were to be married: Lord Somerleigh was coming over purposely to be present at the ceremony, and Cecil's sisters to be my bridemaids.

The winter had set in very stormily, and heavy rains had swollen the hill-streams into torrents, and flooded the low lands in many places. The night that ushered in Christmas Eve was a terrible one.

Wind, thunder and lightning, and sheets of rain, kept me nearly all night waking; and I resolved that ere the hour should arrive that could, at the earliest, bring Cecil to me, I would go on my way to meet him, and prevent the possibility of his coming alone.

To me, hill-reared and hardy, weather was nothing; and before mid-day, despite wind and rain, I sallied forth in the direction of Hollyland House.

About half-way between it and my cottage one of the largest of our mountain streams crossed the road, and was spanned by an old stone bridge. As I neared it, looking up through the beating rain, I stood aghast—the centre of the bridge was gone! On either side the piers of the ruined arch gaped, and between them rolled and roared the water, raging against the obstacle itself had formed in the mass of crumbled stone-work that encumbered its bed.

"Oh, well that I have come!" I thought. "Probably Cecil knows not of this, and here will I take my stand till I see him."

Near an hour I waited there, sheltering myself as best I might behind the parapet of the bridge, still looking through the blinding rain and fog toward the path by which he must advance.

At last I saw him, and springing up, and drawing as near to the edge of the chasm as I could with safety, I shouted a warning to him. He paused for a moment; but I could see that, from the roar of the water and the wind blowing in my face, he could not distinguish my words, and I doubted even if he recognized my voice, for he still advanced with a doubtful, puzzled air. Again I screamed to him to stop—to stop for God's sake! and again he paused and listened. Then, throwing myself on my hands and knees, I crawled to the very vibrating verge of the gulf, heedless of the stones and earth that crumbled down a few inches before me, and exerting all the force of my lungs in one supreme effort, I shrieked out once more my warning. This time he recognized my voice—but oh, to what purpose!—to shout my name, which the wind, that prevented his distinguishing my words, brought me—to spring forward with outstretched hands, and—O Father of Mercies!—to disappear among the foaming waters!

His lifeless body was found before night, miles below the broken bridge, and was buried the day after that fixed for our marriage.

I have often wondered that his father and sisters did not hate me, that they could bear to look upon me after all that I had been the means, however innocently, of bringing on them.

But they knew what I felt. I suppose that great sympathy in so irretrievable a calamity made them forgive me. They have been very, very good to me—God bless them!—but— Well, well, thank God, we can none of us live forever!

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

SHOULD THE FARMER BE EDUCATED?

ALTHOUGH every farmer should not try to be a geologist, meteorologist, chemist, etc., or study medicine to be his own doctor, or law to make it unnecessary to employ a lawyer, or theology with the *sole* view of doing his own preaching, still there is little doubt that all general information, and the more exact the better, has a great tendency, if well applied, to be useful to the farmer's best interests. Every cultivator desires to gather from the soil, at small expense, large crops. He can not accomplish this without being familiar with general principles in the various departments of his profession, and understanding most thoroughly the art of agriculture. The man who grows crops must understand the nature of soils, which certainly includes more research than would enable him to arrive at the sage conclusion that one is sandy and another clayey, etc. Then what should be the extent of the farmer's education? Who will answer the question? One person is found fault with for being "too scientific;" another, for not being enough so. Now suppose all should practice with science, cast away prejudice, and seek to apply knowledge for its own dear sake, we might hope for rapid progress in mental acquisition, national wealth, and prosperity. If the farmer was not placed in such close relation with almost every department of science—in a word, with Nature's endlessly beautiful and diversified works—it would not be difficult to define what should be the extent of his education. Let us apply truths as fast as we discover them, and not find fault with the man of science because he can not supplant the Divine Architect. It would be impossible for any agriculturist, during his whole life, to study any one department bearing on his calling to its *fullest* extent; and, therefore, who will venture to advise when he shall cease to explore and grieve over the exhaustion of the realms of knowledge?

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

True theory is founded on correct observation. It can not, therefore, be at variance with practice. The usual supposition that it is in direct opposition to practice is not now, nor was it ever, so viewed by men of sense. All true theory is in accordance with Nature's laws, and they are unchangeable. When an experiment is made, the result of which is not what was desired, it shows that the necessary conditions were not present. If true theory, then, means correct observation, it is plain that there can be no doubt as to the result if the conditions of the experiment be understood. Natural law is equally at work whether the experiment be a failure or a success. If theory means pretended knowledge only, any experiment made on such a basis, the result of which is a failure, should not be considered contrary to science, but rather as a picture of the dreaming of men not familiar with the facts required to be known. The man who advances vague, untrue, and nonsensical notions is sometimes called a *theorist*, but in reality his rank is that of a *fool*, and he should be known as such.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE.

Some agricultural writers speak of "*common sense unaided by science*," which seems to be a desire to cater to the prejudices of an uneducated class of farmers. This is beneath the dignity of a man who should be guided by truth alone. The expression *common sense* is exceedingly indefinite; for every person, from the fool to the philosopher, has a common sense standard of his own, differing from that of every other man; and as no two minds are exactly alike, the *varieties* of common sense are in proportion to the number of those members of the human family who admit such faulty expressions. Science has to do with the observation and classification of the truths or laws of nature. Common sense, long ago, said the world was flat; science has proved it to be round. She has resolved the once mysterious soil into the constituents or elements of plants, and told us of their qualities and quantities. Common sense never said a word on the subject. Why should any one say that "the roots of plants themselves go out in quest of that food which *common sense, unaided by science*, tells us is by them communicated to the plant?" To follow this style of argument would be very uncommon sense. Agricultural writers should not draw lines of distinction between the practical farmer and scientific man. Science and practice should come together; for in exact proportion to the union between them will agriculture prosper. Why repudiate science and in the same breath say, "If we wish to make a youth a shoemaker, you must first send him to school in order that his mind may be expanded and prepared to receive the seeds of practical instruction." If the farmer is to depend so *much* on "common sense" and so *little* on science, why does not the shoemaker, feeling that there is nothing like leather, graduate with the wax-end in his hand? which would be carrying out the maxim, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Let it not be forgotten that science has made the rough places smooth, and interlaced the face of Christendom with railroads, over which the commerce of nations is sent to and fro for the use of busy man. She has prepared the way for, and sent the steam-engine through the trackless forest, disturbing the haunts of the red man and wild beast with the sound of civilization, and, like Prometheus, brought the fire from heaven to be the errand-boy of the human race.

Professional men in certain spheres of life say that their colaborateurs should be men of common sense. Tinkers are of this class, but it is their business to bottom kettles. A tinker need not trouble his mind with the science of mining or the manufacture of the useful metal which he hammers. The farmer who is averse to scientific education is but an agricultural tinker. Let the cultivator of the soil arouse to the dignity of his calling.

AGRICULTURE A SCIENCE AND AN ART.

The science of agriculture relates to the nature of the soil, the plant it grows, and the food which nourishes it. The putting in practice truths discovered by science involves the art. It is an error to suppose that the science and art of culture can be at variance; for the scientific part is the result of practical observation.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following "notis" was posted in the vicinity mentioned below:

"NOTIS.

to all hoom it may concern greaten i profess to cure the following disceses to wit, ulcers, & tumers of all kinds scroffula and all skin disceses sour ize of all kind, female disceses of all kind and menny more too tedius to mention I hav bin in studdy Practis 25 years I hav practised mity ni all Alabam Gorgy & Misipy and in menny other Stats of all kinds also in the Sity Hospittle in st lewis missury i practis no humbugry no quackry of all kinds any pueon wishing further evidents of my skill as a docter call on me and i will gave it I will be found at j. w. Sanderson's. At eny time 13 miles South West of dekalb on the Decater Rode. DR. J. FARBER.

"*May 25th 1859.*"

At one of the terms of the District Court of P—— County, Texas, a case was being tried in which an old gentleman, who was very deaf, and a short, witty, quick-spoken attorney were the opposing counsel. The former was also a witness in the case.

In an opening speech he stated his side of the case greatly at variance with his testimony, and much more strongly in favor of his client. In reply to this, his opponent said that he could not account for the remarkable difference between his friend's speech and his testimony, unless that, as his opponent was hard of hearing, he did not hear himself when he gave in his own testimony!

In the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati is a village now rejoicing in the name of Cumminsville, but formerly known as Helltown. In this village a public-house was kept by Mr. E. K——, who had in his employ a jack of all trades named Joe Barker, better known as Chunky Joe, in allusion to his general appearance. Joe was fond of good liquor, or, indeed, liquor of any kind; and being generally short of funds, and credit too, was in the habit of seizing on all remnants of liquor left by practitioners at the bar.

Thus matters progressed for some ten years, keeping Joe pretty well soaked, when Mr. K——, having occasion to make a mixture for curing a diseased hoof, had need of some nitric acid, or aquafortis, that article being one of the ingredients of the lotion.

Taking a common bar tumbler, and pouring a sufficient quantity of acid into it, he went out, leaving the tumbler on the counter, and a traveler as the sole occupant of the bar-room. He had no sooner passed the door than in came Chunky Joe, and seeing, as he thought, a tumbler, as usual, with some liquor too good to be wasted, immediately looked through the bottom, "as was his usual custom," and quickly *threw himself outside* of said liquor. He then went to his wood-chopping, smacking his lips at the unusual strength of the spirits. Shortly after Mr. K——, coming in, picked up the tumbler to go on with his medicinal preparation, but was very much surprised on finding it empty. Inquiring of the traveler, he was informed that a short, chunky man (describing Joe) had drank it. With an exclamation of surprise, and consternation depicted on his countenance, he rushed out of the room in search of Joe, expecting to find his dead body not many yards off. He passed around the house, and in the back-yard found Joe doing extra execution upon the back-logs, working as he generally did when he had on an extra amount of steam. After getting over his astonishment, the following colloquy ensued:

MR. K——. "Joe, did you drink that stuff on the counter?"

JOE. "Why—yaas—I thought it hadn't ought to be wasted, you know. All right, I s'pose?"

MR. K——. "I don't know. How did you like it? How do you feel after it?"

JOE. "Feel? I feel fust-rate—lively as a cricket. I guess it's some of that you fotch hom yesterday—wa'n't it?"

MR. K——. "Well, Joe, but haven't you noticed any thing out of the way—nothing wrong about you?"

JOE. "Any thing wrong? Well, no, not much—fust-rate liquor—takes good hold—goes further than common. There's only one thing queer about it which I can't exactly get the hang of [here he drew his shirt-sleeve under his nose]: *whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt!*"

Mr. K—— always after this spoke of the circumstance in illustration of the preservative qualities of his liquors, which would give a man such a stomach that even a dram of nitric acid would not faze it.

After Joe found out what he had been drinking he always kept a cent in his pocket, which he would drop into his liquor before he drank to test its strength. The last time I saw the cent it was pretty well used up. It was about the thickness of a half-dime, but still showed the outline of Liberty's head, which was, with Joe, emblematic of the liberty of drinking when he pleased. He is still alive.

EFFECTUAL REMEDIES.—The Earl of Chatham, who did not much like his physician, jeered him on the inertness of his medicines, and the general inefficacy of his prescriptions. The doctor, to exonerate himself from the charge, said he defied any patients to find fault with him. "I believe you," replied the Earl, "*for they are all dead.*"

NATIONAL DIFFERENCES.—Richter, one of the most distinguished authors in Germany, used to assert that the empire of the sea belonged to England, the empire of the earth to France, and the empire of the air to Germany; while Montesquieu observed, as the result of his travels, that Germany was made to be visited, Italy to repose in, England to think in, and France to live in.

DOMESTIC.

HUSBAND. "What a bad light these candles give!"

WIFE. "Yes, they have just come in."

HUSBAND. "I should think they had *just gone out.*"

The Pike's Peakers will understand the following, from a correspondent off in St. Joseph, Missouri:

"Many thousand men started across the plains during the months of March and April, with wheel-barrows, hand-carts, and every conceivable vehicle that could be propelled with man-power, with all the inevitable hardships of such a course staring them in the face. As one of these hand-cart parties was about starting, a humane individual hailed them with,

"'I say, strangers, why don't you wait for grass?'

"They answered, 'What do we want with grass?'

"HUMANE INDIVIDUAL. 'Why, seeing that you have made asses of yourselves, I don't know why you don't want grass as well as any other beast.'

"It is customary to paint some motto on the wagon-sheets. One party had painted on theirs the elegant motto, 'Root, hog, or die!' About a month afterward the same party returned, discouraged and disheartened by the bad reports they had heard on the road, and had painted with their tar-stick under the motto, in letters that plainly indicated their distress, '*The hog's dead!*'"

A good grumbler was Sam Nubbins. He was a farmer's hired man, and was always finding fault with his food. One day he was eating corn-bread and milk, and grumbling as usual, when Farmer Briggs asked him if he hadn't enough?

"Yes," muttered Sam, "enough, such as it is."

"Why, isn't it good enough?"

"Yes," grunted Sam, "good enough what there is of it."

Judge Jonson is especially nated for his bad spelling. While the Judge was at the bar he took occasion, in the summing up of an important case, to comment somewhat severely, in his usual trenchant style, upon the character of the transactions of the defendant, as developed by the testimony. Said he: "Gentlemen of the Jury, this whole transaction is stamped with dishonesty and corruption. The defendant's manner of doing business, as daguerreotyped in proof before you, exhibits one of the most remarkable instances of human depravity I ever heard of. Why, gentlemen, it is stamped with fraud—*fraud!* gentlemen." And the Judge, drawing himself up to his full height, and darting a look of mingled disgust and contempt at the poor defendant, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Every thing this man has put his hand to is *stamped* with it. Every where is written, in letters too plain to be mistaken, that hated word *f-r-o-a-d!*"

"Years ago," says a correspondent, "we had a 'character' in this town in the shape of a negro preacher, known as Parson Dorsey. A number of rowdy boys and girls were accustomed to attend his preaching for the purpose of having fun with the darkeys. On one occasion he had been very much annoyed by them, and undertook to let them know that he had his 'eye' on them. He said, in his drawling way, 'White boys and white gals come here 'sturbing our meetings. I won't mention any names, but Pete Hornung and Fisher's Peg I got my eye on you.'

"At another time his congregation met and were kept waiting for the parson a considerable time, when he came in in a hurry, rushed into the pulpit, pulled off his overcoat, and commenced: 'Brudders and sisters, you must 'scuse me for 'taining you this evening, as I was out wisiting a backsliding sister, who took to following catgut and rossum.'"

In a certain school, when the scholars were parsing, the word waif occurred in the sentence. The younger, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then, as a bright idea struck him, burst out with, "I can parse it. Positive, waif; comparative, wafer; superlative, sealing-wax!"

A member of the Mississippi Legislature, at one of its late sessions, introduced a bill to change the name of a certain County in that State to Cass County. One of the opposition moved, as an amendment, that the letter C be stricken out of the proposed name. This motion created some laughter at the expense of the member offering the bill. Nothing daunted, however, he arose in reply and said: "Mr. Speaker, this is the first instance that has come to my knowledge in which a member has had the assurance upon the floor of any Legislature to propose to name a county *after himself.*"

In Hart County, Kentucky, the surface of the country is very much broken by innumerable depressions—called by the natives "Sink-holes"—caused by the sinking of the underlying cavernous limestone. Major B——, a prominent citizen of this County (Hart), while on a visit to Lexington, entered into a conversation with some gentlemen of the latter place relative to the quality of lands in different portions of the State. One of the party inquired of Major B—— how the land in his neighborhood would compare with that near to Lexington. "Wa'al," answered Major B——, "I apprehend the soils are purty nigh the same. But our land is not quite so rollener, though much more sink-hollener than your'n."

At —— College the Senior Class was under examination for degrees. The Professor of Natural Philosophy was badgering the boys in optics. The point under illustration was that, strictly and scientifically speaking, we see not objects, but their images depicted on the retina. The worthy Professor, in order to make the matter plainer, said to the wag of the class, "Mr. Jackson, did you ever actually *see* your father?"

Bill replied promptly, "No, Sir."

"Please explain to the Committee why you never saw your own father."

"Because," replied Mr. William Jackson, very gravely, "he died before I was born, Sir!"

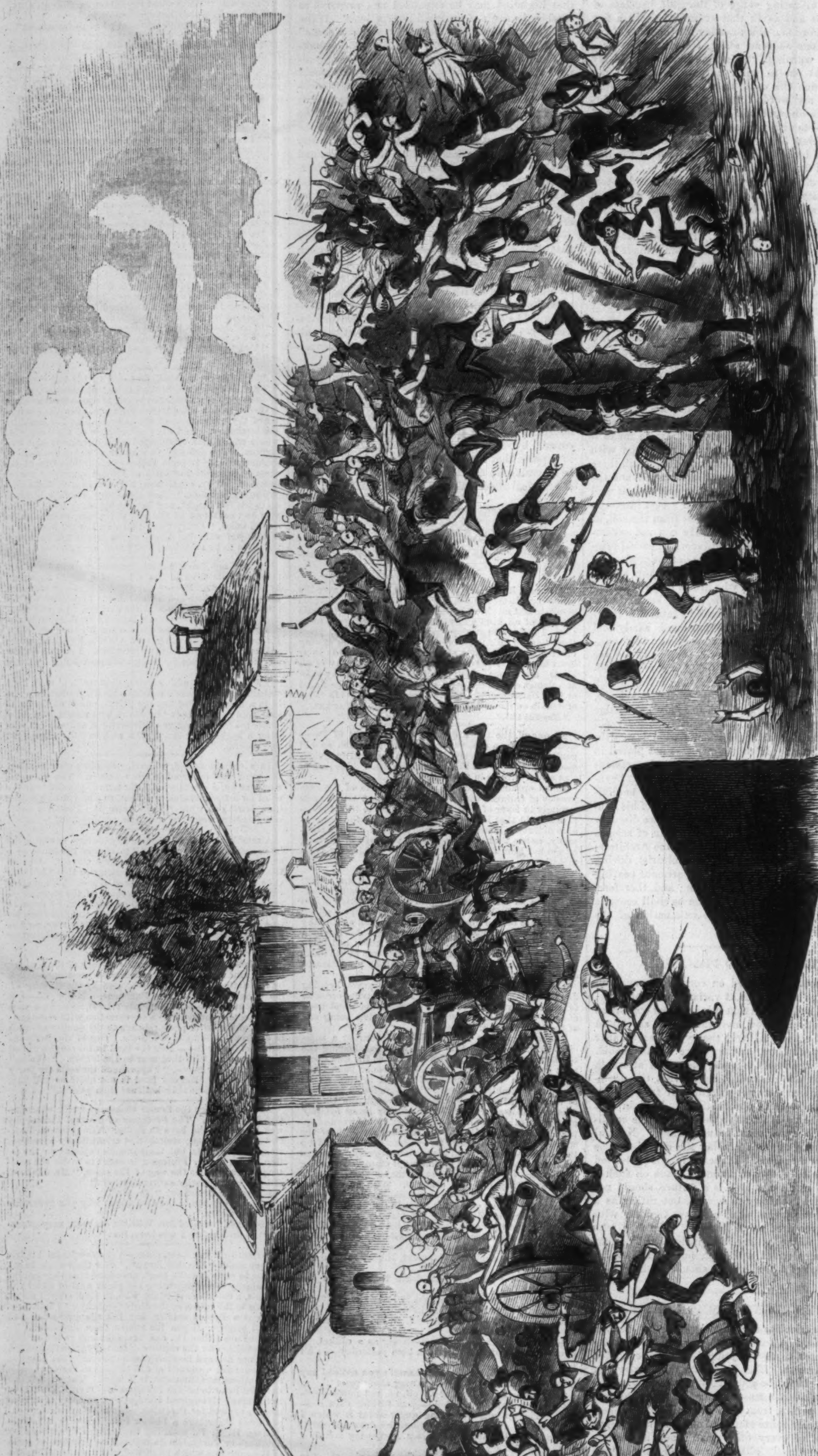
A RELIC OF THE CRUSADES.—Very few jovial blades, as they shout "Hip, hip, hurrah" over their cups, in response to some favorite toast, are aware that they are involuntarily commemorating the pious zeal of Peter the Hermit, a French enthusiast, who, in 1094, stirred up all Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Peter Gautier was a French soldier, but left the profession and turned pilgrim. Upon his return from Jerusalem, he sought Pope Urban II., and besought him to set on foot an expedition for the capture of that city from the infidel. The Pope listened favorably to the prayer of the devotee, and convened a council of 310 bishops of various Christian nations, at Claremont, in France. The council authorized Peter to preach his crusade (Fr. *croix aide*, help to the cross) throughout Europe, and an army of 300,000 men was raised for Palestine. Upon his missionary expeditions Peter bore a banner inscribed with the three initials, H. E. P., meaning in Latin, *Hierosolyma est perdita*—or Jerusalem is lost. The populace of some of the countries which he visited, not understanding the Latin, read the three initials as one word—Hep; and when they hunted down a Jew, in their fanatical zeal, they raised the cry, "Hep, hep, hurrah!" to manifest their adhesion to the cause of Peter the Hermit, and their purpose to immolate a Jew for the glory of that cause.

GETTING RID OF A BORE.—A *soi-disant* naturalist was boring Hook with the distinctions in formation and habits between two animals of the same *genus*. Hook, who neither knew nor wished to know any thing about it, exclaimed, "It flashes on me now, I see the distinction—it's just the same in swine." "In swine!" cried the astonished naturalist. "Yes, said Hook; "you know some *pigs* are *driven*, and some *pigs* are *lead.*"

A PRETTY IDEA.—A lover presented his lady-love with a small looking-glass, accompanied with the following impromptu:

Jessie, in this glass you see
The object most beloved by *me*.
Oh, that I might see there too
The object most beloved by *you!*

A young physician asked permission of a lady to kiss her. She replied, "No, Sir; I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."



THE WAR IN ITALY—THE FIGHT AT THE MULINO BRIDGE, AT THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.—[From a Sketch by M. Pontremoli.]

BATTLE AT THE MULINO BRIDGE.

The accompanying engraving, which is from a very spirited sketch by M. Pontremoli, will convey to the beholder a better idea of the warfare now going on in Italy than whole columns of verbal description.

The moment chosen by the artist is that stage in the battle of Palestro when the French and Sardinians were ordered to carry the bridge of Mulino. The resistance of the Austrians, at first resolute, soon gave way under the impetuous shock of their assailants; and the throng being too dense to admit of a retreat, the unfortunate wretches were bayoneted upon the bodies of their comrades, crushed to death, or hurled headlong over the bridge into the stream beneath. The scene, as described by an eye-witness, was one from which men of peace will turn shudderingly away. Death on the battle-field, with its inevitable horrors in the shape of mangled limbs, hideous carnage, and desolate suffering, is always a shocking spectacle. A few such massacres as that depicted in our engraving are more powerful arguments in favor of the Peace Society's views than all the logic in the world.

One's thoughts involuntarily wander from the dying soldiers to their homes—for most of them, it may be fairly supposed, have parents, brothers, and sisters by whom they are loved, if not wives and children. The mind's eye roves to

> "Where their rude huts by the Danube lay,"

and pictures the arrival there of the news of the terrible fight at the bridge. Can a just Providence overlook such scenes in passing judgment on them who rendered this war necessary?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GABRIEL AT HOME.

During all this time Gabriel Bennet is becoming a merchant. Every morning he arrives at the store with the porter or before him. He helps him sweep and dust, and it is Gabriel who puts Lawrence Newt's room in order, laying the papers in place, and taking care of the thousand nameless details that make up comfort. He reads the newspapers before the other clerks arrive, and sits upon chests of tea or bales of matting in the loft, that fill the air with strange, spicy, Oriental odors, and talks with the porter.

In the long, warm afternoons, when there is no pressure of business and the heat is overpowering, he sits also alone among those odors, and his mind is busy enough with all kinds of speculations and dreams and hopes.

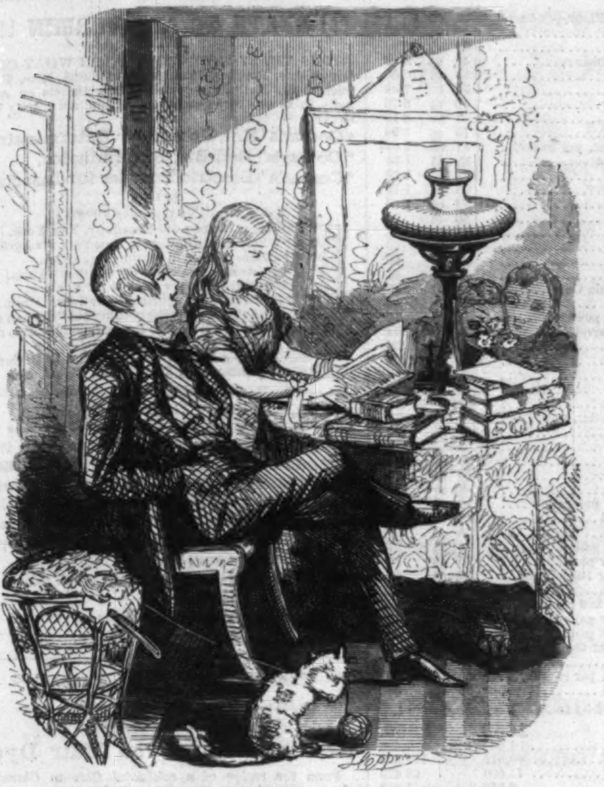
Gabriel is not the first youth who makes himself in imagination the hero of his own romance. He lives over again the dear, dreadful days at Delafield. He wonders—yes, in his secret soul he does—whether, after all, Hope Wayne did not love him. But it is only for a moment. The next instant he recalls every thing as it was, and he smiles and sighs together.

For he knows that it is all over. He is a man in a store now, and men of sixteen in stores know perfectly well that the journey is very long from dusting the chair in the inner office to sitting in it; that bright years go by while the man of sixteen is making that journey, and the same bright years conduct the woman of nineteen into the arms of somebody old enough to be father of the man of sixteen, and perhaps—perhaps—O sorrow and absurdity! when that man has finished his voyage and arrived at the chair in the inner office, he may actually marry one of the daughters of that still young and beautiful, but mature, woman.

The thought is ludicrous, but it is also alluring. Gabriel perceives the yawning gulf of time and opportunity and chance that separates the boy of sixteen from the woman of nineteen. He calculates the probabilities of his career, and smiles half bitterly as he thinks of them. Poor Gabriel! venerable man of sixteen, whose future Mrs. Gabriel is perhaps at this moment tottering by the side of her nurse, or painfully struggling with the alphabet in the valley of the shadow of the rod.

It is natural that, upon leaving school in the country and entering the mercantile career in town, Gabriel should have donned the garments of maturity. In these hey days he wears a hat and a frock-coat. He is not a dandy, although he passes dandies upon Broadway when he goes home at night, and chief of them all, to his eyes, is Abel Newt. The candid, smooth face of Gabriel moves through the throng, his clear, sweet eyes seeing every thing that floats by. He does not know the other side of the fine dresses he meets any more than of the fine houses, with the smiling, glittering windows. The sun shines bright in his eyes—the street is gay—he nods to his friends—he admires the pretty faces—he wonders at the fast men driving fast horses—he sees the flowers in the windows, the smiling faces between the muslin curtains—he gazes with a kind of awe at the funerals going by, and marks the white bands of the clergymen and the physicians—the elm-trees in the Hospital yard remind him of the woods at Deerfield—and here comes Abel Newt, laughing, chatting, smoking, with an arm in the arms of two other young men, who are also smoking.

They are dressed in the height of the fashion, they seem conscious and self-possessed to most who pass, but to Gabriel, whose eyes are involuntarily sharpened by knowledge, the easy grace appears to be airy insolence. There are plenty



"HOW CAN YE BLOOM SAE FRESH AND FAIR?"

of other smooth-faced youths who pass the dandies, and envy as they behold them, and if they receive a nod of recognition, return it with the feeling of courtiers whom kings condescend to honor. A little successful tailoring goes a great way.

As Gabriel passes Abel their eyes meet. Abel nods airily and Gabriel quietly; the next moment they are back to back again—one is going up street, the other down.

The daily spectacle of the bustling street, of the lively city, is agreeable and amusing to Gabriel. He thinks he came very near breaking his heart a little while ago—but he could almost write a sonnet upon it now, so sweet and fair is the world. What does the wood-thrush, lilting on the birch-tree and dropping its cool, gurgling note into the flood of May sunshine, know of the snakes that hide under the mossy stones—of the poisonous plants that spring beneath her?

It is not one of the splendid houses before which Gabriel stops when he has reached the upper part of the city. It is not a palace, nor is it near Broadway. Nor are there curtains at the window, but a pair of smiling faces, of friendly women's faces. One is mild and maternal, with that kind of tender anxiety which softens beauty instead of hardening it. It has that look which, after she is dead, every affectionate son thinks he remembers to have seen in his mother's face; and the other is younger, brighter—a face of rosy cheeks and clustering hair and blue eyes—a beaming, loyal, loving, girlish face.

They both smile welcome to Gabriel, and the younger face, disappearing from the window, reappears at the door. Gabriel naturally kisses those blooming lips, and then goes into the parlor and kisses his mother. Those sympathetic friends ask him what has happened during the day. They see if he looks unusually fatigued; and if so, why so? they ask. Gabriel must tell the story of the unlading the ship *Mary B.*, which has just come in—which is Lawrence Newt's favorite ship—but why called *Mary B.* not even Thomas Tray knows, who knows every thing else in the business. Then sitting on each side of him on the sofa, those women wonder and guess why the ship should be called *Mary B.* What Mary B.? Oh! dear, there might be a thousand women with those initials. And what has ever happened to Mr. Newt that he should wish to perpetuate a woman's name? Stop! remembers mamma, his mother's name was Mary. Mary what? asks the daughter. Mamma, *you* remember, of course.

Why, in the name of miracles, again, does mamma color? She merely replies that his mother's name was Bunley—Mary Bunley—a famous belle of the close of the last century, when she was the most beautiful woman at President Washington's levees—Mary Bunley, to whom Aaron Burr paid his addresses in vain.

"Yes, mamma; but who was Aaron Burr?" asks those blooming lips, as the bright young eyes glance from under the clustering curls at her mother.

"Ellen, do you remember this spring, as we were coming up Broadway, we passed a small old man with a keen, black eye, who was rather carelessly dressed, whom a good many people looked at and pointed out to each other, but nobody spoke to?—who gazed at you as we passed so peculiarly that you pressed nearer to me, and asked who it was, and why such an old man seemed to be so lonely, and in all that great throng, which evidently knew him, was as solitary as if he had been in a desert?"

"Perfectly—I remember it," replies Ellen.

"That friendless old man, my dear, whom at this moment perhaps scarcely a single human being in the world loves, was the most brilliant beau and squire of dames that has ever lived in this country; handsome, accomplished, and graceful, he has stepped many a stately dance with the queenly Mary Bunley, mother or Lawrence Newt. But that was half a century ago."

"Mamma," asks Ellen, full of interest in her mother's words, "but why does nobody speak to him? Why is he so alone? Had he not better have died half a century ago?"

"My dear, you have seen Mrs. Dagon, an aunt of Mr. Lawrence Newt's? She was Cecilia Bunley, sister of Mary. When she was younger she used to go to the theatre with a little green snake coiled around her arm like a bracelet. It was the most lovely green—the softest color you ever saw; it had the brightest eyes, the most sinuous grace; it had a sort of fascination, but it filled you with fear; fortunately, it was harmless. But, Ellen, if it could have stung, how dreadful it would have been! Aaron Burr was graceful, and accomplished, and brilliant; he coiled about many a woman, fascinating her with his bright eyes and his sinuous manner, but he stung."

Ellen shakes her head as her mother speaks, and Gabriel involuntarily thinks of Abel Newt.

"You think, mother," he says, "that the *Mary B.* was named for Mary Bunley?"

Mother thinks it was. It was a filial and graceful remembrance.

But somehow Gabriel is not convinced. Why, then, not call it *Mary Bunley?* Every body who knows any thing of his family knows that she was his mother.

When Mrs. Bennet goes out of the room to attend to the tea, Gabriel, the man of sixteen, says that for his part he doesn't believe in the least that the ship was named for old Mrs. Newt; people are not romantic about their mothers; and Miss Ellen, aged fourteen, agrees with him.

The room in which they sit is small, and very plain. There are only a sofa, and table, and some chairs, with shelves of books, and a coarse carpet. Upon the wall hangs a portrait representing a young and beautiful woman, not unlike Mrs. Bennet; but the beauty of the face is flashing and passionate, not thoughtful and mild like that of Gabriel's mother.

But though every thing is very plain it is perfectly cheerful. There is nothing forlorn in the aspect of the room. Roses in a glass upon the table, and the voice and manner of the mother and daughter, tell every thing.

Presently they go in to tea, and Mr. Bennet joins them. His face is pale, and of gentle expression, and he stoops a little in his walk. He wears slippers and an old coat, and has the air of a clergyman who has made up his mind to be disappointed. But he is not a clergyman, although his white cravat, somewhat negligently tied, and his rusty black dress-coat, favor that theory. There is a little weariness in his expression, and an involuntary, half-deferential smile, as if he fully assented to every thing that might be presented—not because he is especially interested in it or believes it, but because it is the shortest way of avoiding discussion and getting back to his own thoughts.

"Gabriel, my son, I am glad to see you!" his father says, as he seats himself, not opposite his wife, but at one side of the table. He inquires if Mr. Newt has returned, and learns that he has been at home for several days. He hopes that he has enjoyed his little journey; then sips his tea, and looks to see if the windows are closed; shakes himself gently, and says he feels chilly; that the September evenings are already autumnal, and that the time is coming when we must begin to read aloud again after tea. And what book shall we read? Perhaps the best of all we can select is Irving's Life of Columbus; Mr. Bennet himself has read it in the previous year, but he is sure his children will be interested and delighted by it; and, for himself, he likes nothing better than to read over and over a book he knows and loves. He puts down his knife as he speaks, and plays with his tea-spoon on the edge of the cup.

"I find myself enchanted with the description of the islands in the Gulf, and the life of those soft-souled natives. As I read on, I smell the sweet warm odors from the land; I pick up the branches of green trees floating far out upon the water; I see the drifting sea-weed, and the lights at night upon the shore; then I land, and lie under the palm-trees, and hear the mellow tongue of the tropics; I taste the luscious fruits; I bask in that rich, eternal sun—" His eyes swim with tropical languor as he speaks. He still mechanically balances the spoon upon the cup, while his mind is clearly deep sunk in reverie. As his wife glances at him, both the look of tenderness and of anxiety in her face deepen. But the moment of silence rouses him, and with the nervous smile upon his face, he says, "Oh—ah!—I—yes—let it be Irving's Columbus!"

Toward his wife Mr. Bennet's manner is almost painfully thoughtful. His eye constantly seeks hers; and when he speaks to her, the mechanical smile which greets every body else is replaced by a kind of indescribable, touching appeal for forgiveness. It is conveyed in no particular thing that he says or does, but it pervades his whole intercourse with her. As Gabriel and Ellen grow up toward maturity, Mrs. Bennet observes that the same peculiarity is stealing into his manner toward them. It is as if he were involuntarily asking pardon for some great wrong that he has unconsciously done them. And yet his mildness and sweetness and simplicity of nature are such, that this singular manner does not disturb the universal cheerfulness.

"You look a little tired to-night, father," says Gabriel, when they are all seated in the front room again, by the table, with the lamp lighted.

"Yes," replies the father, who sits upon the sofa, with his wife by his side—"yes; Mr. Van Boozenberg was very angry to-day about some error he thought he had discovered, and he was quite short with us book-keepers, and spoke rather sharply."

A slight flush passes over Mr. Bennet's face, as if he recalled something extremely disagreeable. His eyes become dreamy again; but after a moment the old smile returns, and, as if begging pardon, in a half-bewildered way, he resumes:

"However, his position is trying. Fortunately there wasn't any mistake except of his own."

He is silent again. After a little while he asks, "Couldn't we have some music? Ellen, can't you sing something?"

Ellen thinks she can, if Gabriel will sing second. Gabriel says he will try, with pleasure: but really—he is so overwhelmed—the state of his voice—he feigns a little cough—if the crowded and fashionable audience will excuse—he really—in fact, he will—but he is sure—

During this little banter Nellie cries, "Pooh, pooh!" mamma looks pleased, and papa smiles gently. Then the fresh young voices of the brother and sister mingle in "Bonnie Doon."

The room is not very light, for there is but one lamp upon the table by which the singers sit. The parents sit together upon the sofa; and as the song proceeds the hand of the mother steals into that of the father, which holds it closely, while his arm creeps noiselessly around her waist. Their hearts float far away upon that music. His eyes droop as when he was speaking of the tropic islands—as if he were hearing the soft language of those shores. As his wife looks at him she sees on his face, beneath the weariness of its expression, the light which shone there in the days when they sang "Bonnie Doon" together. He draws her closer to him, and his head bows as if by long habit of humility. Her eyes gradually fill with tears; and when the song is over her head is lying on his breast.

While they are still sitting in silence there is a ring at the door, and Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring enter the room.

CHAPTER XL.

BORN TO BE A BACHELOR.

"THE truth is, Madame," began Lawrence Newt, addressing Mrs. Bennet, "that I am ashamed of myself—I ought to have called a hundred times. I ask your pardon, Sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Bennet, who was standing irresolutely by the sofa, half-leaning upon the arm.

"Oh!—ah! I am sure," replied Mr. Bennet, with the nervous smile flitting across his face and apparently breaking out all over him—and there he remained speechless and bowing, while Mr. Newt hastened to seat himself, that every body else might sit down also.

Mrs. Bennet said that she was really glad to see the face of an old friend again whom she had not seen for so long.

"But I see you every day in Gabriel, my dear Madame," replied Lawrence Newt, with a quaint dignity, of which the celebrated Mr. Burr might have despaired. Mother and son both smiled, and the father bowed as if the remark had been addressed to him.

"I'm in hopes, Madame, we shall make a great merchant of Gabriel. I'm only afraid he's too honest."

The whole party smiled again as the merchant turned toward Gabriel, who had somehow lost his tongue in the presence of his employer.

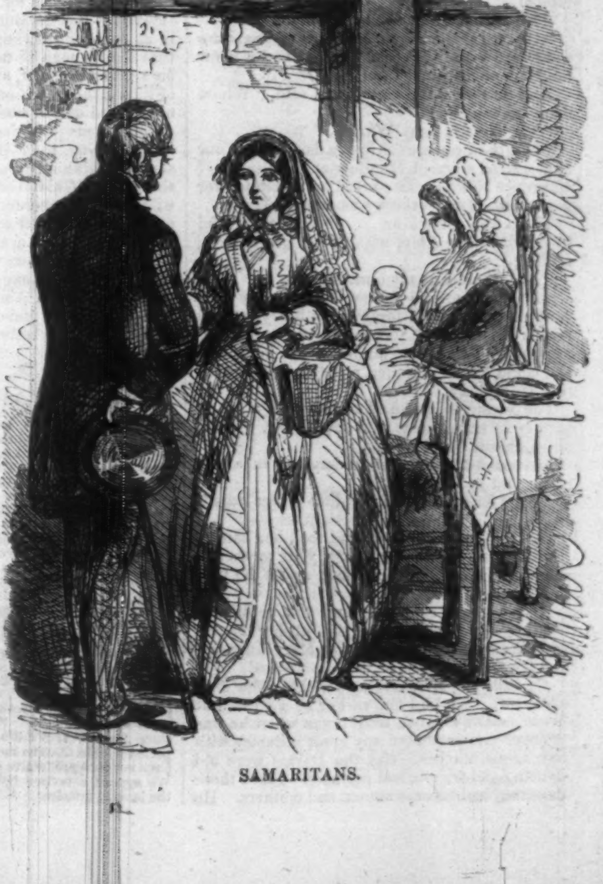
A great deal of conversation followed, a little excited, perhaps, as if every body were conscious of something or other, and wondered whether every body else knew. It was many years since Mrs. Bennet had seen Mr. Newt. She had heard of him from her niece, Amy Waring; but the shyness with which Mrs. Bennet at first heard of him when Amy began to mention him seemed now to have passed into Amy, who never spoke of him at all, or only with a peculiar reserve which made her Aunt Bennet look at her closely and wonder what was the occasion of that exquisitely delicate hue upon her niece's cheeks—a kind of auroral flush as if there were a dawn going on somewhere.

Amy seated herself by Gabriel and Ellen and talked very animatedly with them while the parents and Mr. Newt sat together. She praised the roses and smelled them very often, and whenever she did so her eyes, having nothing in particular to do at the moment, escaped, as it were, under her brows through the petals of the roses as she bent over them, and wandered away to Lawrence Newt, whose kind, inscrutable eyes, by the most extraordinary chance in the world, seemed to be expecting Amy's, and were ready to receive them with the warmest welcome, and a half-twinkle—or was it no twinkle at all?—which seemed to say, "Oh! you came—did you?" And every time his eyes seemed to say this Amy burst out into fresh praises of those beautiful roses to her younger cousins, and pressed them close to her cheek, as if she found their moist, creamy coolness peculiarly delicious and refreshing—pressed them so close, indeed, that she seemed to squeeze some of their color into her cheeks, which Gabriel and Ellen both thought, and afterward declared to their mother, to be quite as beautiful as roses.

Amy's conversation with her young cousins was very lively, indeed, but it had not that continuous interest which is self-perpetuating in conversation. It seemed to be a kind of brilliant parade. Ranks, and columns, and squadrons of animated words wheeled into line and deployed and saluted—but it was mechanical, after all. There was a great deal of halting and standing at ease, during which the eyes slipped away again across the room, and fell as softly as before, plump into the same welcome and the same little interrogation in those other eyes, twinkling with that annoying "did you?"

Amy Waring was certainly twenty-five, although Gabriel laughed and jeered at any such statement. But mamma and the Family Bible were too much for him. Lawrence Newt was certainly more than forty. But the Newt Family Bible was under a lock of which the key lay in Mrs. Boniface Newt's bureau, who preferred tradition, which she could judiciously guide, to Scripture, in the matter of age. For when Boniface Newt led Nancy Magot to the altar he recorded, in a large business hand, both the date of his marriage and his wife's birth. She protested it was vulgar. And when the bridegroom inquired whether the vulgarity were in the fact of being born or in recording it—she said: "Mr. Newt, I am ashamed of you," and locked up the evidence.

There was a vague impression in the Newt family—Boniface had already mentioned it to his son Abel—that there was something that Uncle Lawrence never talked about—many things indeed, of course, but still something. Outside the family nothing was suspected. Lawrence Newt was simply one of those incomprehensibly pleasant, eccentric, benevolent men, whose mercantile credit was as good as Jacob Van Boozenberg's, but who perversely went his own way. To begin with, he wore just such clothes as he pleased, and he pleased to be a little quaint in his dress. Then he read just such books, and entertained such opinions as he chose. That last was the heinous thing. That a man's credit should be unimpeachable—that



SAMARITANS.

he should own large ships which were constantly making successful voyages—that he should be so sagacious as to be a proverb in South Street and in Bank parlors, and yet all the while persist in having his own opinions in politics and religion, and doing just as he chose, was anomalous—it was bewildering—it was dangerous.

His brother Boniface labored with him, in the intervals of selling goods to Blackstone, Hadley, & Merrimack, and others. He urged upon him the decency of attending Dr. Maundy's church. He pressed him to read that divine's sermon upon "Christianity in Commerce." Lawrence smiled, and said he preferred practice to preaching, and when he wanted to learn how, he would step into brother Boniface's store. Thereupon brother Boniface grew very red, and said that if men persisted in acting as if the Millennium had already arrived, they did it at their own risk. But when brother Lawrence said that he would thank brother Boniface to point out those misguided individuals, and should they begin with Jacob Van Boozenberg or Boniface Newt & Co., brother Boniface laughed nervously, and said he knew that it was a dreadful thing: it was a shocking thing. But what could you do? Brother Lawrence, with the inscrutable eyes, said he could go and eat six oysters raw, for it was one o'clock.

Old Van Boozenberg was also terribly exercised by the fact that Lawrence Newt would have his own opinions, and one day after a meeting of directors openly called him to account for his generally leveling and dangerous principles. He even said, in a half-jocose way, that he believed he was a Fanny Wright man, and that he had better look out for himself. The directors laughed, and when they were done, Lawrence Newt remarked in a dry, quiet way, with a singular light in his eyes, that so long as the Lord permitted people who had deserted their daughters to live in peace, he had no great fear for himself. Old Jacob Van Boozenberg turned pale and went out. The directors, who were wise men, and were therefore directors, said nothing and followed their President; while Lawrence Newt went back to South Street smiling, and gave a penny to an old woman at the corner, notwithstanding brother Boniface's conclusive argument against indiscriminate giving.

In fact it was this reckless conduct of Lawrence's, who sometimes gave even to the most squalid, ragged, barefooted, and utterly wretched female impostors in the city, which induced Boniface, after he had sold twelve cases of goods seven-eighths wide, for full yard wide prints, to write to the same poor consumptive clergyman and offer him eight dollars to write a tract of fifty pages to be entitled "Indiscriminate Giving a Crime." But he was too late. The clergyman had died of despair three months previously, and Dr. Maundy had preached a beautiful funeral sermon, from the text "He has fought the good fight." It was called "The Christian Warrior," and was printed, and bound in a sad, lavender-colored paper with black edges, and was advertised as a very neat and appropriate ornament to the centre-table in Lent. After the sermon a collection was taken up for the afflicted and utterly destitute widow and children, which amounted to nine dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents.

It was upon a visit to this widow that Lawrence Newt had first met Amy Waring. As he was leaving money with the poor woman to pay her rent, Amy came in with a basket of comfortable sugars and teas. She carried the flowers in her face. Lawrence Newt was almost blushing at being caught in the act, and as he was sliding past her to get out he happened to look at her face, and stopped.

"Bless my soul! my dear young lady, surely your name is Darro!"

The dear young lady smiled and colored, and replied,

"No, mine is not, but my mother's was."

"Of course it was. Those eyes of yours are the Darro eyes. Do you think I do not know the Darro eyes when I see them?"

And he took Amy's hand, and said, "Whose daughter are you?"

"My name is Amy Waring."

"Oh! then you are Corinna's daughter. Your aunt Lucia married Mr. Bennet, and—and—" Lawrence Newt's voice paused and hesitated for a moment, "and—there was another."

There was something so tenderly respectful in the tone that Amy, with only a graver face, replied,

"Yes, there was my aunt Martha."

"I remember all. She is gone; my dear young lady, you will forgive me, but your face recalls other years." Then turning to the widow, he said, "Mrs. Simmer, I am sure that you could have no kinder, no better friend than this young lady."

The young lady looked at him with a gentle inquiry in her eyes as who should say, "What do you know about it?"

Lawrence Newt's eyes understood in a moment, and he answered:

"Oh, I know it as I know that a rose smells sweet."

He bowed as he said it, and took her hand.

"Will you remember to ask your mother if she remembers Lawrence Newt, and if he may come and see her?"

Amy Waring said Yes, and the gentleman bending and touching the tips of her fingers with his lips, said, "Good-by, Mrs. Simmer," and departed.

He called at Mrs. Waring's within a few days afterward. He had known her as a child, but his incessant absence from home when he was younger had prevented any great intimacy with any acquaintances. But the Darros were old dancing-girl friends and partners. Since those days they had become women and mothers. He had parted with Corinna Darro, a black-eyed little girl in short white frock and short curling hair and red ribbons. He met her as Mrs. Delmer Waring, a large, maternal, good-hearted woman.

—Airy yacht that, joyous, skims the sea, twenty-five years hence will you be heavy-timbered, slow sailing, freighted deep with cotton and with corn?

It was two years before, and during all the time Lawrence Newt had often called—had met Amy in the street on many errands—had met her at balls whenever he found she was going. He did not ask her to drive with him. He did not send her costly gifts. He did nothing that could exclude the attentions of younger men. But sometimes a basket of flowers came for Miss Waring—without a card, without a clew. The good-hearted mother thought of various young men, candidates for degrees in Amy's favor, who had undoubtedly sent the flowers. The good-hearted mother, who knew that Amy was in love with none of them, pitied them—thought it was a great shame they should lose their time in such an utterly profitless business as being in love with Amy—and when any of them called said, with a good-humored sigh, that she believed her daughter would never be any thing but a Sister of Charity.

Sometimes also a new book came, and on the fly-leaf was written, "To Miss Amy Waring, from her friend Lawrence Newt." Then the good-hearted mother remarked that some men were delightfully faithful to old associations, and that it was really beautiful to see Mr. Newt keeping up the acquaintance so cordially, and complimenting his old friend so delicately by thinking of pleasing her daughter. What a pity he had never married, to have had daughters of his own! "But I suppose, Amy, some men are born to be bachelors."

"I suppose they are, mother," Amy replied, and found immediately after that she had left her scissors, she couldn't possibly remember where; perhaps in your room, mamma, perhaps in mine.

They must be looked for, however, and, O how curious! there they lay in her own room upon the table. In her own room, where she opened the new book and read in it for half an hour at a time, but always poring on the same page. It was such a profound work. It was so full of weighty matter. When would she ever read it through at this rate, for the page over which she pored had less on it than any other page in the book? In fact, it had nothing on it but that very commonplace and familiar form of words, "To Miss Amy Waring, from her friend Lawrence Newt."

Amy was entirely of her mother's opinion. Some men are undoubtedly born to be bachelors. Some men are born to be as noble as the heroes of romances—simple, steadfast, true; to be gentle, intelligent, sagacious, with an experience that has mellowed by constant and various intercourse with men, but with a heart that that intercourse has never chilled, and a faith which that experience has only confirmed. Some men are born to possess every quality of heart and mind and person that can awaken and satisfy the love of a woman. Yes, unquestionably, said Amy Waring in her mind, which was so cool, so impartial, so merely contemplating the subject as an abstract question, some men—let me see, shall I say like Lawrence Newt, simply as an illustration?—well, yes—some men like Lawrence Newt, for instance, are born to be all that certain women dream of in their souls, and they are the very ones who are born to be bachelors.

How very strange it is, how very extraordinary! thought Amy. And yet how very fortunate when it is so clearly perceived! It might be very sad not to be aware of it. What a profound pity it would be if any young woman should not see it, for instance, in the case of Lawrence Newt. But when a young woman is in no doubt at all, when she knows perfectly well that such a man is not intended by nature to be a marrying man, and therefore never thinks of such a thing, but only with a grace and generosity and delicacy beyond expression offers his general homage to the sex by giving little gifts to her, "why, then—then," thought Amy, and she was thinking so at the very moment when she sat with Gabriel and Ellen, talking in a half wild, lively, incoherent way, "why, then—then," and her eyes leaped across the room and fell, as it were, into the arms of Lawrence Newt's, which caressed them with soft light, and half-laughed "You came again, did you?" "why, then—then," and Amy buried her face in the cool, damp roses, and did not dare to look again, "then she had better go and be a Sister of Charity.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, July 9, 1859.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs. Flour and Corn have advanced. Toward the close the former was less sought after....Cotton has been rather sparingly inquired for; prices have not varied materially....Provisions have been less extensively dealt in, though buyers have had any existing advantage. Supplies of Pork and Beef are unusually large....Coffee has been in fair demand at buoyant prices. Molasses, Teas, and Rice have been quiet. Sugars opened heavily at easier rates, but closed quite briskly at rising prices....Metals, Fish, Fruit, Hemp, Hops, Seeds, Hides, Leather, Oils, Tobacco, and Wool have generally been inactive....Hay has been less abundant, and the demand for it has been restricted....Naval Stores have been in moderate request, closing more firmly than they opened....The trade in Dry Goods has been quite limited. Buyers of Fall Stocks have not purchased freely as yet. The importations continue heavy. The total value of the week's imports of Foreign Dry Goods is $2,630,240 against $736,221 same week last year. Imports of Foreign Dry Goods since January 1, $58,595,133 against $23,306,540 same period in 1858....The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$5 60	@	$5 90
Extra State Flour	6 00	@	6 30
Superfine Western	5 65	@	6 00
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 40	@	8 00
Extra Missouri	6 25	@	10 00
Superfine Southern	6 50	@	7 00
Extra Southern	7 10	@	8 75
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 15
Jersey Corn Meal	3 75	@	3 90
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@	1 62½
White Southern Wheat	1 55	@	1 80
Red Western Wheat	1 35	@	1 50
Milwaukee Club	95	@	1 10
Chicago Spring	80	@	1 00
New Yellow Corn	86	@	90
Mixed Western Corn	85	@	88
Rye	88	@	90
Western Oats	48	@	50
State Oats	44	@	48
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	42	@	45
Southern Oats	40	@	44
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	16 00
Prime Pork	—	@	12 50
Country Mess Beef	8 00	@	9 00
Hams, per pound	7¾	@	8½
Shoulders	6¼	@	6½
Lard	10½	@	11½
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	14	@	18
Ohio Butter, new	11	@	15
Cheese, new	3	@	9
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@	4 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12
New Orleans Sugar	5¼	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	42
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	65
Oolong Teas	35	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26½	@	27
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	10	@	16
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	50	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	10¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	45	@	46
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 77½	@	—
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	190 00	@	210 00
Am. Hemp, undressed	130 00	@	150 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound	32½	@	55
" Pulled Wool	30	@	50

Stocks of several Articles in New York about July 1.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	1,394	1,602
Coffee, packages	40,847	117,373
Cotton, bales	71,600	68,470
Dyewoods, tons	2,873	1,465
Hemp, tons	498	245
Hemp, bales	18,459	18,333
Hides, number	97,500	162,900
Leather, Sole, sides	109,800	77,300
Molasses, hogsheads	6,588	12,220
Molasses, tierces and barrels	4,582	6,228
Naval Stores:		
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	—	500
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	—	3,000
Tar, barrels	—	5,000
Common Rosin, barrels	—	3,000
Provisions:		
Pork, barrels	46,199	90,017
Beef, tierces and barrels	14,700	33,388
Rice, tierces	6,311	6,741
Rice, bags	—	375
Sugars, hogsheads	39,345	83,333
Sugars, bags	15,000	50,003
Sugars, boxes	19,411	24,723
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	8,894	10,515
Tobacco, Crude, bales	6,455	10,560
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs	38,031	50,162

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which were in fair demand at a shade firmer prices....Milch Cows were also less plenty, yet were in limited request at former rates....Veal Calves were rather sparingly offered, and were a shade dearer, but not active....Sheep and Lambs were actively inquired for at advanced prices....Swine were in moderate request....The total receipts of Live Stock at all the City Markets during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *June* 29.	Week ending *July* 6.
Beeves	3,834	3,096
Milch Cows	218	162
Veal Calves	939	739
Sheep and Lambs	12,925	9,523
Swine	3,801	1,520

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to 1st qlty Beeves, per pound	$ 8	@	$ 12
Fair to very good Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@	6 50
" " per pound	4½	@	8
Live Swine	6	@	6½
Dressed "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	75	@	1 75

The Country Produce Markets have been freely supplied with the principal kinks of Produce. The demand has been, in the main, good, especially for Fruit and Vegetables. Prices have favored buyers.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Cherries, per pound	$ 3	@	$ 7
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 75	@	2 25
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	4 00	@	8 00
Currants, per pound	2	@	5
Whortleberries, per bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Peaches, per bushel	3 00	@	7 50
Apples, old, per barrel	2 00	@	3 75
Apples, new, per bushel	1 50	@	2 25
Grapes, Hothouse, per pound	62½	@	1 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	87	@	2 00
Potatoes, new, Southern	2 25	@	3 00
Onions	2 25	@	2 75
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	87	@	1 00
Turnips, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	5 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	4 00
Carrots, per bushel	75	@	—
Carrots, new, per 100 bunches	2 25	@	3 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@	8 00
Salad, per 100 heads	1 00	@	2 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 50
Spinach, per basket	50	@	—
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
String Beans, per barrel	1 00	@	1 50
Green Peas, per bushel	62	@	75
Cucumbers, per 100	1 50	@	2 50
Tomatoes, per basket	1 75	@	2 50
Cauliflowers, per 100	6 00	@	20 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@	—
Squashes, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	6 00
Cranberries, per bushel	3 00	@	5 50
Watermelons, per 100	12 50	@	40 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17	@	18
Chickens, per pair	50	@	1 00
Geese, Spring, each	62½	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	14
Ducks, per pair	50	@	1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	1 75
Wild Pigeons	1 00	@	1 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Combines all the laxative properties of pure extract of Senna, in a delicious sugar-coated paste. Is the safest and most agreeable remedy for Constipation of the Bowels and all irregularities caused by neglect of nature, and invaluable as a Family Medicine. Sold by all Druggists.

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As a wash for the complexion, it has no equal; it is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation. It is also a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing *tan, freckles, pimples,* and all discolorations. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady.

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JULY.

Oh, month of beauty! month of bloom!
Month of the sweetest twilight skies,
Of richest color and perfume,
Of most melodious harmonies!
The meadow lark springs up to heaven,
The swallow titters through the air,
And all of Flora's wealth seems given
To deck thy radiant breast and hair.

The poppy lifts its red cup high,
The wild grape scents its rustic hedge;
And the bright-bodied dragon fly
Skims restlessly across the sedge;
The broad bay pants beneath the sun,
The glittering shore hath sands of fire;
To shady nooks the cattle run
And coolness is the first desire.

Coolness for body and for brain,
Surcease of toil and *zephyr clothes*,
Such as at Smith's we may obtain—
The Smiths, whose gallant banner flows
From three immense marmoreal piles,
In Fulton Street—their store behold
Where Summer Clothes "*in all the styles*,"
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LECTURES FOR 1859—60.—TO MANAGERS OF YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS, INSTITUTES, LYCEUMS, &c., &c.

As the Subscriber is desirous of soon making his arrangements for Lectures to be delivered by him during the next Autumn and Winter season, 1859-60, he respectfully requests the Committees to address him as soon as may be convenient.

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June 16, 1859.

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